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TADOUSAC AND ITS CHURCH.

TADOUSAC is a melancholy little town, built at the mouth of the lone river Saguenay.. It is very old, very quiet, and very dull, and is not in the school geographies. You reach it by steamer from Quebec, after a sail of about one hundred and fifteen miles down the St. Lawrence. Crowds of tourists pass that way in summer, and perhaps you remember how Miss Kitty Ellison and her "chance acquaintance," Mr. Arbu-

tons in the world, the Laurentian Hills, are clearly outlined beyond, and reaching southward, dividing the river into two channels, is the pretty island of Orleans, embowered in vineyards and orchards. Thence you pass numberless French-Canadian villages, and the river widens, so that while you are near one bank the other is but a vague outline. The first stopping-place is Murray Bay, which you reach toward evening. Murray Bay is

led to her brief flirtation with Mr. Arbuton. He was standing, you remember, at the gangway of the steamer, watching an Indian wedding-procession, when a slender little arm, belonging to a pretty little figure that had something agreeably confiding in it, was interlocked with his. Perfectly well bred and self-possessed, he scarcely knew how to act; but, as to let the matter alone was the simplest course, he waited for the young lady



THE OLD CHURCH IN TADOUSAC.

ton, got there, and what befell them. If you have forgotten, read Mr. Howells's book, and learn. Soon after the gray citadel, with its crumbling ramparts, and the tinned roofs of Lower Quebec, are left behind, the steamer is abreast of the Fall of Montmorency, where an immense volume of water descends in a fleecy curtain, two hundred feet deep, from a smooth stream that winds through the rolling table-land of the western bank. The oldest moun-

one of the popular Canadian bathing-places, and those of the passengers who land at the little jetty will tell you that it is "salt-water," meaning that, although the tide rises three feet at Quebec, at Murray Bay it first has the full flavor of the sea.

Crossing the river to the opposite shore, the steamer next touches at Cacouna, another favorite watering-place. It was here that Kitty Ellison made the awkward mistake that

to discover her mistake. Poor Kitty! How horrified and embarrassed she was when she did so! But, then, the episode was so very romantic that we doubt if she regretted it, and are not surprised that, after she had run to her state-room, Mr. Arbuton's arm still seemed to sustain her elastic weight, while her words still lingered in his ear.

There is so much to see and write about before you get to Tadousac, and so little to

see and write about when you get there, that it does not matter if a good share of one's space is exhausted in advance. The town, as we have said, is at the mouth of the Saguenay, a deep-walled, darksome stream that flows in perpetual sadness. The appearance of the shore is sad, and, in fact, the only inspiring thing about Tadousac is the air, which is laden with the mingled balsams of the ocean and the mountain pine-forests. Down here the St. Lawrence expands into a broad sea, and the opposite shore is almost out of sight. The Saguenay breaks through abrupt hills, and seeks the east. At its mouth is Birch Point, a reach of exceedingly rich flatland, with a background of lofty mountains. A rocky reef extends outward from the point to a sandy island, with a French name, where great numbers of waterfowl are found. At the lower side of the entrance another rocky point separates Tadousac Bay from the St. Lawrence, and on an alluvial terrace the town is built, with sterile-looking hills behind it. It is a bleak, somewhat uncomfortable place on the whole, and one might expect to find the inhabitants wearing flannels and burning fires all summer. The sand on the shore has a cold, grayish tint, and the sparse foliage has no freshness.

But Tadousac is not all forlorn, and on the terrace there is a pretentious summer hotel, usually filled with people from Montreal and Quebec. It also has a fair degree of historical interest, inasmuch as it was once the residence of Father Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi Valley, and was the first landing-place of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, who anchored his vessel in the bay on the 1st of September, 1535. The adventurous Hudson Bay Company have a station here, and here, too, all the spoils of the Saguenay fisheries are brought for export. But the crown of Tadousac is its lonely little church, which has withstood the tempests of several centuries; and is said to be the oldest church in North America north of St. Augustine.

All the tourists "do" it; and it is, indeed, well worth a visit. Leaving the steamer at the wharf, where she remains about five hours, you toil along a hard road, for a distance of about a mile and a half or two miles, between hills of sand and gravel, variegated by occasional patches of grass and furze-bush. There are several picturesque bridges spanning tumultuous little brooks, that abound with trout, nearer the mountains, and once or twice you pass a whirling, dusty saw-mill, with a few rude huts around it. The church is situated close to the water of the bay, on a comparatively high and smooth bank, reaching upward from a narrow line of yellow sand. It is one of the most commonplace-looking little buildings imaginable, resembling nothing in particular, except the district school-houses of the Western frontier. It is built of wood, painted, and is surmounted by a ridiculously small steeple. And this is the oldest church in Canada!

The interior is not much larger than an ordinary room, and is as plain as the exterior. It measures exactly twenty-five by thirty feet, and is supplied with rows of wooden benches

for seats. In the rear there is an octagon alcove, containing a very little altar, with white drapery, a few artificial flowers, and some other modest ornaments. It reminds one of the lawn-covered dressing-tables sometimes found in country-houses. On the walls there are several gloomy old paintings, one of them the portrait of the priest who first visited Canada, another a scriptural scene, and another representing an angel leading a child. These things are exhibited to you by an Irish attendant, who has the custody of the keys.

Outside there is an old burying-ground; and, when the steamer's whistle shrieks discordantly, summoning you back, a melancholy feeling steals over you as, looking toward the church again, you see a taper lighted in that small altar where the vigils are unceasing.

W. A. R.

ELYSIUM.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

"KURT, can you tell me what Elysium is?" asked our tutor, Candidatus Renner, addressing one of my younger brothers, with whom I sat in the schoolroom.

I, the eldest of us three, knew, of course, but Kurt was ominously silent, while Ralph, the youngest, held up his hand and cried, "I can tell! I can tell!"

"Well, Ralph, what is Elysium?"

"That is the Mühlenberg!" he cried, triumphantly.

"What!"

"Yes, the windmill!"

I laughed.

"How do you make that out?" asked Renner.

"Why—why, because Sister Elise always says that she is the princess, and that the Mühle (mill) is her Burg (castle); so—don't you see?—the Mühlenberg must be 'Elysium.'"

"Bravo, Ralph, bravo!" replied Renner, and laughed and laughed as though he would never stop; I seconded him, and Kurt and Ralph joined in with a will. And when Renner, at dinner, told the story of my "Elysium," father and mother laughed right heartily, and tutor and pupils laughed again with them.

After that, the mill and the hill on which it stood were called "Elysium," and herein lay the only recognition of my ownership.

This mill stands in the broad moorlands of Schleswig-Holstein, where the meadows stretch themselves out like the sea farther than the eye can reach, and where the heavens arch over the verdant plain like a big bluebell—not a hill breaks the line of the horizon, and the houses, which are scattered here and there in the distance, look small, as do ships far away upon the ocean.

Usually, the houses of the land-owners are situated somewhere near the centre of their estates, and it was an exception that this was not the case with us. Our boundary-line was about a mile to the west of our house, just where the windmill stood, on the most noticeable point in the landscape, and, for us children, the goal of our daily strolls.

The hill and the mill always afforded us protection against the wind, come from what-

ever direction it would, in these northern plains.

This mill had, for long years, been the subject of a suit at law between my father and his half-brother, Amtmann Sörensen, of Riukemoor, whose estate lay some distance to the north of us. In consequence of the suit, the mill had for years stood still, not attempting a single flutter of its three half-fledged wings; the fourth had been blown off in a storm, furnishing us children with sufficient wood for a merry bonfire.

The Mühlenberg was originally a *Hünen-grab* (tumulus). Its stingy soil was covered with grass and a great variety of low weeds, especially on the south side. At the foot of the hill there were a few black-thorn bushes, and near them there was an elder, which, though not high, was thick and broad-spread, and, united with the elders, made a thicket which, especially in blooming-time, presented a very pretty appearance.

When I grew up, Elysium still continued to be my favorite resort, particularly when I wished to be alone and escape from the routine of a large country-house. Then I would go there, with a book or my work-basket, being sure to find shade and quiet. Of course, I speak only of the summer season, for, when the ground was wet and the sky was overcast, when the cattle and sheep no longer filled the pastures, then the time for long walks had passed, unless it was to church, to pay a visit, or to make purchases in the neighboring village.

As for there being any danger in going out alone, no one ever thought of such a thing, at least from being molested by bad people.

One bright summer day, toward evening, after having been occupied for some hours in the garden, I determined to pay a visit to my dear Elysium, where I had not been, for one reason and another, for nearly a week. I took off my blue-checked apron, washed my hands at the well, brushed my hair back from my forehead, it being very warm, and set out, swinging my big brown-straw hat by its long ribbons as I went. I had taken the precaution to put a book in my pocket after dinner, "Lichtenstein," a story that I never tired of reading.

My mill was marvelously beautiful that day. It was completely bathed in evening light; to the left was a bright, golden expanse, and the little clump of elders and thorns on the same side was flooded with red that shone with a golden hue on the contours.

I sat down, in a subdued, meditative frame of mind, on a low bank of turf on the west side of the mill, and looked out on the broad, verdant sea before me. The sun did not sink below an entirely clear horizon, but he presented a picture all the more beautiful for being robed in light, warm, golden-edged clouds. Half blinded with looking on the scene, I let my eyes fall upon the greensward and the thorn-bushes before and a little to one side of me.

"Strange! What do I see there?" I rubbed my eyes and looked again. To my amazement there lay, stretched out under the clump of elders and thorns, a man, a strange man, for father had been ill, and had

hardly left the house for some months, and as for Renner, I saw him at the window of his room with his long pipe when I left the house. The man was evidently asleep; but where did he come from, and did he mean to spend the night here? It was already nearly night, and, as he did not belong to our house, he must necessarily have a long walk before him. "If he should be dead!" I thought. I had read all sorts of robber and murder stories, and in "Lichtenstein" I had just read of the poor, persecuted Duke Ulrich. I began to be alarmed, and thought of hastening home for assistance.

I rose just as quietly as I could. Now I could see him more distinctly. There was the yellow brim of his hat, from under which there bunched out a wealth of dark, curly hair. That the man was not dead I saw clearly from his position. This conviction gave me the courage to step forward, where I could see the whole of his elegant figure.

And what should I do now?

I could perhaps have gone quietly home without being seen by the stranger, but such an idea did not enter my head. I stood as though I were grown to the ground, and gazed at the intruder with an indescribable curiosity. "What! a man, a stranger, on my territory, here, where I, by virtue of long possession, looked upon myself as the rightful owner of the soil! How should any one dare to lie down here and watch the setting sun as though he had a right to? Monstrous!"

So I stood and moved not a muscle—so he lay and moved as little.

"If I could only just see his face once!"

Hardly was I conscious of framing this wish, when the intruder raised his head and turned his face toward me, just as though I had thought loud enough for him to hear me.

"Ah, mein Fräulein!" said he; and he sprang to his feet, took off his hat, and bowed respectfully. I have always believed that I returned his salutation very awkwardly, although he has more than once since then tried to convince me to the contrary. I blushed deeply, and stared at his face, which, it seemed to me, I had seen somewhere before, but where I could not tell.

With an easy grace—a little too self-possessed, perhaps—he accomplished the half-dozen steps that brought him up to where I stood, when he began to remark upon the splendor of the sunset, the beauty of the evening sky, the purity of the atmosphere after the shower we had had in the morning, and the like.

"And to whom does this old mill belong?" he asked.

"To my father," I replied; at which he laughed, and for good reason, for how should he know who my father was?

"It seems to be going to ruin," he remarked. "Doesn't it run any more?"

"Ah," said I, "now it occurs to me that I should not have said that the mill belongs to my father. It belongs to him rightfully, but he has had a suit at law about it with Amtmann Sörensen, in Rinkemoor, for several years, and, until the suit is decided, the mill, I suppose, will continue to stand still."

"Amtmann Sörensen?"

"He is my uncle."

"Indeed! Then you are Fräulein Elise Rasmussen."

"How could you know that?"

"I am well acquainted with the Sörensens, and it is through them that I know of your family. You have two brothers—Kurt and Ralph."

"Quite right. Do you know my two cousins, Ingeborg and Doris?"

"Oh, very well! And your cousin, Erich Sörensen, is my most intimate friend."

"Erich? Ah, he's a bad boy, I'm afraid," I replied.

"Oh, you do him injustice! What has he ever done to you?"

"Nothing to me, but his sisters were always complaining of him. 'You may be very thankful that you have no older brother,' they used to say; 'older brothers always want to boss you about so.' Sometimes I would take Erich's part, and then three times out of four we quarreled."

The stranger laughed.

"Ah, that was when you were all children," said he. "Now the two girls are grown up; Erich is a student at the University of Kiel, and I assure you that, when he comes home, he is very gallant toward his two pretty sisters."

"Then they are pretty?"

"Yes, Ingeborg particularly."

"I remember that she had beautiful hair."

"Yes, her hair is very beautiful, but it is not such a lovely light brown as yours, mein Fräulein."

Flattered and astonished, I took hold of the end of one of my long, heavy braids. No one had ever told me before that my flaxen hair was pretty.

"You remind me very much of Ingeborg, mein Fräulein; there is certainly a strong family resemblance."

"The stupid lawsuit! I should so like to see Ingeborg and Doris!"

"Perhaps it will soon be decided."

"And if it is—if it is decided in my father's favor, Uncle Sörensen will refuse to be reconciled; if, on the contrary, it is decided in Uncle Sörensen's favor, then I shall be inconsolable."

"Do you, then, care so much for this bit of land?"

"For the land? No, not at all! What need I care whether my father has an acre more or less? And I don't think he cares any more than I do—he cares only for asserting his just rights. What I care for is the hill—my Elysium—the view. Where else could I go to watch the sun go down?"

"I should think that one place would be as good as another for that, in this level country."

"One place as good as another!" I stammered, for at the moment it seemed to me that the stranger was right. "But I don't think so," I added, without the reasons being very clear to me why I should prefer this point to any other.

"You are right, Fräulein," said the gentleman, "one place is not so good as another. In contemplating the grand in Nature, nothing is more desirable than solitude. How still it is here! Listen! How very still! A single cricket is all that is to be heard."

Just at that moment, as though she would give him the lie, a cow lowed so loud, within a few steps of us, that we both burst into a hearty laugh.

Such a laugh often furthers an acquaintance marvelously; more, I think, than would the eating of a bushel of salt together.

"Is there, then, no possibility of settling this dispute amicably?" asked the gentleman.

"An effort was made in that direction at first," I replied; "but both the gentlemen are said to have been very stubborn. Mother was greatly displeased with the manner in which the negotiations were conducted, and, I think, expressed herself very strongly to father, who is sometimes pretty obstinate; but still he is always good and kind, and always aims to be just. How matters stand at present I am unable to tell. When the lawyer comes, we children are always sent out of the room. My great trouble is, that father's health gets worse instead of better."

"Then he is in bad health?"

"Yes, in very bad health. He is not confined to the house; he looks after things on the farm, more or less; still, he is very poorly. Next week he will go to Helgoland."

"For his health?"

"Yes. The doctor insists upon it."

The stranger was silent for a moment, then he said, "Perhaps I can do something in the matter."

"In what matter?"

"The Elysium matter."

"How?"

"I am, as I have told you, very intimate with Erich. I will get him to give me all the particulars concerning the case, and—I am a law-student at Kiel, also. A third person can often see things in their true light when it is impossible for those directly interested to do so; and then I have no doubt that Erich would be glad to have the dispute settled."

"Heaven knows I wish it were!"

"I am very sanguine, for I have great influence with Erich; and I will tax it home to his conscience."

"Oh, if you succeed, I am sure father will soon be well again!" I cried.

"Then you think this lawsuit is the cause of his bad health?"

"Well, no, I can't say that; but the annoyance it causes him retards his recovery. The name of Sörensen he will not allow to be mentioned in his presence; and, in order that he may not be reminded of the dispute, mother has fitted up a room for him from which he cannot see the mill, while formerly he used often to come here with us children when we went out for a stroll."

"And the relations between the two families were formerly friendly?"

"Oh, very! Uncle Sörensen is much older than my father. They are half-brothers, as you doubtless know, but they had the same mother; and father used always to say that half brothers and sisters are only those who have different mothers."

"The matter gives Amtmann Sörensen a great deal of trouble, also," said the gentleman.

"Yes?"

"For that reason I feel all the more con-

sident that a mediator will be able to accomplish something."

"Ah, mediation! Father talks of nothing but his rights, and he seems almost to hate Uncle Sørensen; but I think he is morbidly irritable."

"Well, the sea-bathing will cure him of his nervousness, and aid us in our little plot."

"Plot! Had we been entering into a conspiracy?" I looked at the gentleman inquiringly.

"I mean it will further our plan," he amended; "and perhaps I may have an opportunity, at some future time, to hear from you whether your father's frame of mind has improved," he added, and made a move as though he were going his way.

"Will you not call at Neeresum?"—that was the name our house was known by—I asked; for that any one should pass our door, or approach so near without entering, was something I could not understand.

"I thank you, Fräulein," he replied, "not to-day. At another time, perhaps; as envoy, for example, in the Elysium business. It is better that I should defer making the acquaintance of your father till then—don't you think so?"

"You may be right."

"If he has no previous knowledge of me, I shall feel under less restraint, and shall be able, possibly, to accomplish more. And, believe me, I should be very glad to serve him; him and—the mistress of Elysium, mein Fräulein."

And I fully believed him, although it was somewhat singular that a stranger should take so deep an interest in our family affairs.

After he had taken leave of me, I started home, but not without looking back occasionally to see him as he strode, lightly and gracefully, down the road in the early twilight. But once he looked back just at the same time I did, and raised his straw hat in salutation, which I hardly saw, for I quickly turned my head, and did not venture to look back again.

I hastened home not a little excited, which was only a natural consequence of such a strange and unexpected adventure. "What will mother say when I tell her?" I thought. "She, too, I am sure, will be rejoiced to have this long-standing dispute with Uncle Sørensen settled." At the moment I looked upon all differences as being almost as good as arranged.

But, when I thought over the last words of the stranger, I began to hesitate. Did he not seem to think it advisable that I should say nothing about my having met him? He had certainly given me a clear intimation to that effect, but—I was so unused to having any secrets; I felt that it would be terribly hard to remain silent.

But, then, I would not endanger the success of our plan for the world. I could tell mother, at least, or Kurt and Ralph—but no, boys can never keep any thing to themselves! And I—could I? Yes, that I could, as I would prove. Not a word of my meeting with the stranger should pass my lips until all had been arranged; then I could tell all triumphantly!

It was not difficult for me to remain silent; I seemed to myself to have all at once become of great importance, and at last I would have said nothing about the adventure of my own inclination, although I could think of nothing else but the stranger and the promises he had made me.

And it suddenly occurred to me where I had seen him before. It was a few weeks previously, in Hundemarschen. There was a fair there, and I had driven over with mother, to make a few purchases. I also had a recipe for father, which I left at the druggist's, as we passed. When I returned for the medicine, and chatted for a few minutes with the druggist, the gentleman stood near by, without, however, taking any part in the conversation. Now, how I wished I knew his name!

During the first week or two I was in continual expectation that something would occur relative to the matter that was always uppermost in my mind—that father would receive a letter, that his lawyer would come; or, perhaps, that we should receive a visit from the stranger himself. When, however, several weeks had passed, and nothing of the kind happened, my hopes began to appear vain, or at least unduly sanguine.

For a while after the adventure I went to the old mill with a certain timidity, thinking always that it was possible I might meet the stranger again, and for that reason I took one of my brothers with me whenever I could; but in time this timidity wore off, and I went as before. Despite my fears at meeting him again, I was really annoyed because he did not come. And should he perchance come after this long delay, which I did not now think probable, I determined to seem offended; for why should he be so lavish with his promises, and then, apparently at least, be so dilatory about keeping them, while the matter still so occupied my thoughts that I always, on my way to Elysium, involuntarily looked about me, feeling rather than thinking that I might see him? Yes, from the summit of the hill my eyes, oftener than was their wont, swept the eastern plain to see if no one was in sight.

Father, in the mean time, had gone to Helgoland, and his reports concerning his health were highly satisfactory. He had been fortunate in making acquaintances, and amusements in the open air and pleasant social intercourse had, as the doctor anticipated, done much toward improving his condition.

"I have more especially made a companion of a young jurist named Jürgensen than of any one else, or rather he has, to my great satisfaction, made a companion of me, for he introduced himself to me, saying that he had always been much pleased with the course I had pursued as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, etc. As he, like myself, is here alone, we take our walks usually together, drive to the downs together in the morning, sail together, go fishing together, and together, every evening, when it is clear, watch the sun go down from the cliffs, a sight I should like to have my little Elise enjoy once, for it is a very different spectacle from that to be seen from Elysium—a fact you may be sure I have never

mentioned to my young friend Jürgensen. My brother shall not spoil the three or four weeks I spend here—of that I am determined."

At the end of the fourth week, father wrote us that his cure was complete, but that, instead of returning immediately, he was going to Hamburg to attend to some business.

From there he came directly home, looking ten years younger than when he went away, and gayer and more cheerful, it seemed to me, than I had ever seen him.

"But only think," said father, "a little more and I should not have come back to you at all, or not for a while, at all events!"

"Why not? How so?" we all cried, in a breath.

"Ah, I had an exceedingly unpleasant adventure—that is, I almost had one. Thanks to my young friend Jürgensen, I just escaped."

"Good Heavens! Was your life in danger?" asked mother.

"No, my life was not in danger, but my liberty was. I came near being put in prison in Hamburg."

"What—what—Julius! You in prison! In Heaven's name—" stammered mother.

Father laughed. "Be calm, Johanna," said he; "I had not killed anybody or stolen any thing. It was all the result of my being taken for somebody else. I seemed to answer, in some particulars, the description of a bankrupt merchant, who was pursued by the police; and an over-officious detective, who saw me on the steamer, could find nothing better to do than to arrest me. I alone could not have gotten off so easily; I should have been compelled to lie in prison until Heaven knows what proofs had been adduced. Jürgensen, however, obtained a private interview with the chief of police, whom he succeeded in convincing that they had arrested the wrong man. The chief laughed when he was convinced of their mistake, begged me to excuse them, and wished me a pleasant journey home. But the affair amazed me not a little, as you can easily imagine."

"What an unpleasant adventure!" said my mother.

"Yes," my father replied, "and an adventure thoroughly characteristic of the present day, as Jürgensen truthfully remarked. There are no highway robbers to attack us nowadays, and we have little to fear from the enemies of social order, but never, on the other hand, was the law-abiding citizen in so great danger of being molested by the servants of justice and the preservers of peace. Do I look like a thief and a swindler?"

My good, honest papa! The criminal's exterior, in the main, may have been as near like his as one twin-brother is like another, but he did not have these clear, truthful eyes, or this faithful, generous heart!

Father's Hamburg adventure was often the subject of conversation in our little family circle, and every thing that occurred in Helgoland was known to us even to the smallest details. And in every thing his friend Jürgensen played an important part. That he would some day make us a visit was the refrain that father always dwelt on with great pleasure.

"I said to him when we parted," he

added, "come to me and ask any favor you will; if Hans Rasmussen can grant it, he will."

"You are more cautious than King Nöregur," said Ralph, "who did not say 'If I can,' and when the giant came and demanded his throne, and he refused, the giant ousted him."

It was, I think, the first or second day after father's return that I paid another visit to Elysium. It was not late in the day, but directly after dinner, while father and mother were napping. I had nothing to do in the house that afternoon, so I took my work-basket and started out to spend a couple of hours in the open air. Mother promised to come later if she could, for she, too, was very fond of Mühlenberg, but, of course, she was more confined to the house than I was.

The bank of turf extends entirely around the mill, and so I sat down, this time on the east, where there was more shade and a better breeze, and then I liked to have a view of the broad plain in the direction in which the stranger had disappeared. Should he chance to come again, I could see him from the distance. If he came at all, it would probably be toward evening, however, so it was without any expectation of seeing him that I looked off to the east, and bit into one of my big, juicy pears I had brought in my basket.

"Guten Tag, Fräulein Elise!" at that moment greeted my ear, startling me so that I sprang to my feet, and let my pears roll out of my basket, retaining only the one I had in my hand.

"Why are you so frightened at me?" asked the gentleman, laughing while he picked up my pears. "If you are so afraid of me, I shall be compelled to go my way."

"Oh, no, no! That is not necessary," I hastened to reply; "but where do you come from?"

"I have been here for a full half-hour, and consequently saw you come. I sat here to the left, and as you came from the right you could not see me."

"No, I did not see you," said I. "You— I suppose you—it's about the lawsuit—"

"Yes, I come about the lawsuit, and I bring you good news."

"Really?" I cried, and ventured now to yield to the pleasure which this second meeting afforded me, for I had enjoyed our first interview very much, which was due in some measure doubtless to my seeing so few strangers.

"Now I am thoroughly informed with regard to the whole matter," said the stranger. "It is very complicated; it will probably have to be carried to a higher court, and the final decision may be delayed for a long time, perhaps for years. If the parties would only settle the dispute by arbitration, for example!"

"Ah, that was proposed years ago," I replied.

"True, but then they were not so sick of the law as they both are now."

"Granted; but their obstinacy increases with their disgust."

"Can you do nothing in the matter?" he asked.

"I? How is that possible?"

"Have you no influence over your father?"

"Oh, generally, yes—in most things, I think, I have a good deal of influence over him."

"Then I propose to you to make yourself acquainted with the case as it now stands, and then to use all your influence to bring about an amicable settlement."

"But, suppose I thought I could do something in the direction you propose, how am I to get the necessary knowledge of the case?"

"Therein I can assist you," he replied.

"I will give you an impartial statement of the matter as it now stands, without entering into details, of course. The particulars you will learn from your father, provided you succeed in getting him to talk with you about it. Then you will be able, I trust, to persuade him to yield to your wishes. Daughters can always do what they please with their fathers; I see that in my sisters."

"Ah, then you have sisters?"

"Yes, certainly. But now listen!"

He gave me no time to indulge in the reflection that, alone with him here, relations were being established between us which could not end with the present interview. I forced myself to be attentive, and as I had a general idea of the matter under consideration, I had no trouble in following him. That the case, as he stated it, made Uncle Sørensen appear to have a greater show of right on his side than we at home looked upon him as having, did not surprise me.

"Well, have you understood everything?" he asked, when he had finished.

"Oh, I think so, perfectly," I answered, "and I will do all I can. But, now that I think of it, you said in the beginning that you were the bearer of good news."

"True! It is this: I have good reasons for believing that Antmann Sørensen would not be averse to making an effort to settle the matter amicably."

"Indeed! Did Erich, perhaps, tell you so?"

"Yes. At my instigation, Erich has talked the matter over with his father in the interest of our plans."

"Just as you would have me talk the matter over with my father?"

"Precisely."

"I am surprised that—I mean—I cannot understand—"

"You are surprised that I should evince such an interest in the matter. Well, I am desirous not only to serve my friends, the Sørensens, but also to serve you."

"But then you don't know us!"

"That is not what I mean by 'you.' I would say that I am desirous to serve Fräulein Elise Rasmussen."

There is a tone that the most inexperienced young girl quickly understands; and now, on hearing this tone for the first time, I dropped my eyes to the ground and felt the blood mount to my temples. Just then it occurred to me that mother might come at any moment, and that she would think it very strange to find me in conversation with a stranger. I glanced anxiously toward Neerum, and said:

"It is time for me to go home; I fear I may be wanted."

"But it was not your intention to return

so soon," said the gentleman, "or you would not have brought your work-basket. If I disturb you I will go immediately."

"Our conference is at an end, I think, is it not?" I replied.

"But I hope it is not the last. You will allow me to return, will you not?"

"No, no! I thank you for the trouble you have taken, but I cannot allow you—you must not come again."

"But this is disputed ground."

"If you take advantage of that fact, then I shall not come again."

"Oh, no, not that! rather may my father lose the suit—"

"Your father?" I cried.

"Ah, I have betrayed myself!" said he, putting his hand over his mouth.

"So then—so you are Erich?"

"Yes, I am Erich, the disagreeable Erich."

"Oh, if you are Erich, and I see now that you are, then you may come again, of course; then I have no scruples about entering into a conspiracy with you," I cried, for now it was very different. A cousin! why, that was almost the same as a brother. Now I did not hesitate to make appointments with him, and as for any thing beyond the friendly relationship that should exist between cousin and cousin, I never thought it possible.

Erich had as good a right here as I had, and we immediately fixed a time when we would meet again and report the results of our respective efforts.

Then he went his way, and I watched him, as he grew smaller and smaller on the plain, until I could see him no longer; then I looked toward Neerum to see if mother was not coming. When Erich had been for some time out of sight, she came, but—not a word did I tell her of our plot.

"Elise, do you know why I really went first to Mühlenberg?" asked Erich one day.

"Why, I suppose you wanted to see what the old mill, which will possibly one day be yours, looked like."

"No, that was not the reason."

"What was, then?"

"It was soon after I saw you at the 'Nes-selblatt'" (so the above-mentioned drug-store was called).

I blushed, and made no response.

"I had no desire to see the mill," Erich continued; "what do I care for the old thing!"

"But the lawsuit," I suggested, as I felt that I ought to say something.

"Yes, that possessed some interest for me, I confess; but I thought, 'If our fathers are at variance, that is no reason why I should be on bad terms with my pretty cousin.'"

"Well," said I, smiling, "I think we are on a tolerably friendly footing now, are we not?"

"But that is not sufficient to satisfy me."

For some moments we were both silent.

"Don't you think," asked Erich, finally, in a low tone, full of feeling, "that we might establish a relation that would end this unholy lawsuit for good and all?"

"Well, our plot, as you call it—"

"You avoid the question, Elise—look at me!"

I obeyed; was not able, however, to withstand his gaze, but immediately dropped my eyes to the ground.

"My dear Elise," said he, seizing my hand, "let us give ourselves no trouble concerning the lawsuit—it gives me no uneasiness—I think only of you. It is not the suit, but you, that I would win; not Elysium, but Elise!"

"But—Erich!" I stammered, "you are—you are my cousin!"

There was a roguish twinkle in his eyes; and, before I could defend myself, he threw his arm around my neck, and very uncousinly kissed me upon my lips. I struggled and tried to release myself, but in vain; and when I cried out, "How dare you!" he only held me the tighter, and, although I pretended to be very indignant, I think I was really better pleased with him than I should have been had he released me without making me purchase my liberty with "My dear Erich, *mein Schatz*," and the like endearing terms.

And now he was *mein Schatz*. How suddenly the significance of this tone, which decided the course of my whole after-life, dawned upon me! I felt strangely anxious, was silent and thoughtful, and struggled with my tears. But Erich did not misinterpret my manner, although he asked me once, "Are you sorry, my love?" I only shook my head and looked at him through my tears. I saw that he, too, was in a serious and thoughtful mood.

"Let us look upon it as a good omen," said Erich, "that we first met here—in Elysium."

"No," said I, "in the *Nesselblatt*."

"Oh, that's true!"

"The *Nessel*" (nettle) "is the lawsuit."

"I am not afraid of that."

"Ah, Erich, I must tell you that I have accomplished very little with father—nothing, in fact. He holds firmly to his views, and replies, 'That's something you don't understand, my daughter.'"

"Then I must see what I can do with him," said Erich, in a determined tone.

"For Heaven's sake, no!"

"Yes, but I must; I—"

"You would only spoil every thing. Dear Erich, he is so embittered toward your father that he will not allow his name to be mentioned in his presence."

"But my name is Sörensen also, and he must some day learn the name of his son-in-law."

"His son-in-law!" How strangely that sounded to me! That father should have a son-in-law, that was a thought that had not yet occurred to me.

Erich only laughed; he was far from being as fearful as I was.

"Oh, dear! he will never, never give his consent. I know he won't!" I cried.

"To what, my love?"

"Why, that I—that you—that I—"

"That you shall be my little Frau?"

"Yes, that he will never consent to. Ah, Erich, how unfortunate we are!"

"Not a bit of it! we'll manage the governors—I'll answer for mine, at all events.

I was never so happy in my whole life as at this moment."

"Ah!" said I, "I see heaven in your eyes; but if we should be compelled to separate forever?"

At that moment I heard, despite my excitement, the clear tone of the little bell on our house as it called our people in from the fields, and also announced the evening meal for the members of the family.

"Separate! What are you thinking of? I shall be here to-morrow at about this time; you will be here first, if possible, and we will arrange some sign by which I shall know whether you are done or not?"

I shook my head.

"No, Erich," said I, in a regretful but decided tone, "not so. We must meet here no more. Till now, it was very different—no, no, I can meet you no more here."

"Be it as you will, my love," said Erich; "if you would rather not, I will not try to persuade you. But, in that case, we must adopt another course, the open and perhaps better one."

"But how is that possible?"

"To-morrow I will meet your father."

"Good Heavens, Erich!" I cried, "he will—he, I fear—"

"Will not see me, or perhaps turn me out-of-doors."

"The latter he certainly will not do—oh, but I am so afraid!"

"But I am not. On the contrary, I look forward to my visit with pleasure. In the first place, it is for your sake, and then it would be very unnatural for our fathers to keep this old feud alive after the union of their children."

I shook my head, and remained silent, for I could not tell Erich what father often said of Uncle Sörensen.

We finally arranged that Erich should come to Neeresum the next afternoon, and, as he wished to meet the whole family, I told him to come at about four o'clock, when he would find us taking our coffee; afterward he could speak with father alone.

"Do you think you can conceal every thing from them till then?" asked Erich.

"Oh, certainly."

"And, above all, when I come?"

"I will do my best."

"Very well, then it is understood. Good-bye till to-morrow afternoon;" and we took leave of each other, which, however, consumed so much time that I was compelled to walk home as rapidly as I could, for fear they would be anxious about me.

Of my restlessness and agitation, my hopes and fears, I will say nothing, for they were only the natural products of the situation; but when, the next afternoon, I sat with the rest of the family, I was certainly feverish, for I was alternately so hot and cold that I felt alarmed, and mother several times asked what ailed me.

"I hear a horseman coming," said my father. Of course, I heard him also.—"Kurt, see who it is," he added.

Kurt hurried out, and, fortunately, the attention of everybody was diverted from me, otherwise I fear I should have betrayed myself.

Kurt returned in a few moments, perfectly radiant.

"It's Herr Jürgensen, father," said he; "shall I show him in?"

"Jürgensen? Certainly, certainly! Show him in? Why, to be sure!" and father hastened out to meet his guest.

My chagrin and disappointment can be easily imagined. The presence of the stranger would frustrate our entire plan. In an instant I decided to go out and meet Erich, and have him postpone his visit till another day. But, good Heavens! it was too late. At that moment, the familiar tones of Erich's voice reached my ear. Now I must let things go as they would—I could do nothing.

The next moment, father reëntered. I could not believe my eyes. He led Erich into the room, and introduced him to mother, to me, and to Herr Renner, as his good friend Jürgensen. And the gentleman bowed very low before me, and said:

"I am very happy, Fräulein, to make your acquaintance;" and I stared at him, and asked myself:

"Is it Cousin Erich or Herr Jürgensen, and who is deceived, father or I?" It was impossible for me to remain with the others, so I quietly retired to my room, and wept bitterly.

What occurred after I left, I learned afterward. Renner soon withdrew with Kurt and Ralph, and mother went to look after her household affairs, leaving father and his friend alone.

"And now, Herr Rasmussen, I will inform you of the chief object of my visit," Jürgensen began. "We are not likely to be disturbed here?"

"Perhaps we had better go into my room," said father; and when mother, a few minutes later, returned to the sitting-room, to her surprise she found no one there.

Jürgensen began, as soon as they were seated, and gave father a detailed account of his worldly surroundings: told him that he had but recently, it is true, begun the practice of his profession, the law, but that his prospects were, nevertheless, all that could be desired. In a word, he represented himself as being altogether very well situated.

"What is he coming to?" father thought. "Does he want to borrow? Well, I can't refuse him." Of course, he let him finish what he had to say, and he was strengthened in his suspicion when Jürgensen reminded him of his promise: "Come to me and ask any favor you will; if Hans Rasmussen can grant it, he will."

"What I said, I said," answered father; "but I put in the phrase, mark you, 'if I can.'"

"Oh, you can; and yet what I ask is the richest gift you have to bestow: your daughter's hand!"

"My—my daughter—my Elise? What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that I am a suitor for your daughter's hand."

"Elise is but a child!"

"She is seventeen years old."

"And if she is, she is not for sale to the highest bidder."

"Have I intimated that I thought she was?"

"Well, something very like it, I should say."

"I love your daughter, sir, and promise you to do all in my power to make her a happy wife."

"Think no more of that, my young friend—think no more of that! I would rather lie a whole year in prison than that my poor child—But how do you know any thing about her?"

"I saw her first at the Nesselblatt."

"Larefare! fiddle-dee-dee! Love at sight I have no faith in. My daughter don't know you, and it is not the custom among us, as among the French, to marry without some previous acquaintance. No, no, my young friend; ask me any thing else, and I will hardly refuse you—any thing but my darling daughter."

"But if your daughter joins her entreaties to mine?"

"Eh, what!" My poor papa was completely confounded. He stopped striding up and down the room, and looked at Jürgensen amazed, who smiled and said:

"Elise loves me, too."

Papa stormed out of the room, and "Elise! Elise! Elise!" rang through the house in a tone that everybody was accustomed to obey.

I hastened down-stairs, my eyes red from weeping, and met my father in the hall. He took me by the hand, turned me for an instant toward the light, and looked at me sharply, said nothing, however, but led me into his room.

"There, look at this gentleman," said he. I glanced hastily at Erich, and reddened, if possible, more deeply than ever.

"Do you know him?"

"Yes—no—that is—"

"Yes—no! What do you mean? Tell me, yes or no?"

"I—I don't know who he is."

"So! that's sufficient. You can go," said father, and in a tone that fairly terrified me.

"In Heaven's name, Herr Rasmussen," cried Erich, "allow me to say one word to your daughter. I will explain every thing to you."

But, instead of replying, father intimated by a gesture that I should retire, and I was about to obey when Erich seized my hand and cried:

"What, Elise, are you going to deny me thus?"

"O Erich! but—but I don't know who you are."

Father dropped down into a chair, worse confounded than ever.

"Erich! Elise! am I taking leave of my senses?" he cried. "Am I mad, or are you?" And he looked from the one to the other, as we stood there holding each other's hands. I think, in fact, Erich had the courage to kiss me.

"Who are you really?" I asked.

"I am your Erich, and no other. I am he to whom you are betrothed."

"Betrothed! and she don't know to whom?" cried papa, in a tone of utter consternation.

"Oh, yes, papa, I know!" I replied.

"Hold!" interrupted Erich; "let me speak, my love. Leave the explanation to me."

Then, in a low tone, he suggested to me that it would, perhaps, be better for me to leave him alone with father, as it was possible that something unpleasant might occur. I, therefore, returned to my room, still anxious and agitated, but more confident—for who could withstand my Erich?—and then had he not won father's heart already, *incognito*?

Fortunately, father's amazement was so great that there was no room left for the anger I had so dreaded. With his head bowed down, and his hands clasped between his knees, he sat down and listened to Erich's story: how he first saw me at the Nesselblatt, and, in consequence of the impression I made on him, immediately decided to seek my acquaintance. Then Erich told him how he went about it, and that it was not until his third visit to the mill that he met me.

"And why, sir, did you come in that way, through the back-door?" interrupted father.

"Because the front-door was closed to me."

"I am not aware that I have ever been accused of inhospitality—the door of Neerum has always been open to guests, sir."

"But not to the son of Amtmann Sørensen," replied Erich, in a slow, measured tone, rising involuntarily.

Father rose also. They measured each other for a moment with their eyes.

"Let us be seated again," said father, finally, and he resumed his former thoughtful position.

Erich continued his narrative, but from this time he addressed father as "uncle."

He told him how he had gone to Helgoland solely for the purpose of winning the father's love before he attempted to win that of the daughter, in order to be sure that the father would not object to him personally, if he did to his name.

"And when I," he continued, "at Hamburg, had the good fortune to do you a trifling service, you cannot imagine, uncle, how glad I was, and the voluntary promise you made me then was my justification in seeking the love of your daughter in the only way open to me. And now I ask you, uncle, will you accept me for your son?"

"Does your father know of this?"

"Yes."

"And what does he say?"

"I have his consent."

"Humph!" cried father, rising to his full height. "Well, it's my opinion, sir, that you're as great a young rascal as ever went unchanged, and I am sure you're a very good lawyer. Do you think you won't be too oily for my girl?"

In reply Erich threw his arms around his neck and embraced him, and papa became very deeply affected, hastened out of the room, and called out again, "Elise! Elise!"

I flew down-stairs.

"There he is," and he pushed me into the room. "I must go and tell your mother."

Our fathers were soon reconciled. The lawsuit was summarily ended, and Erich and I became the undisputed owners of Elysium.

We rented it out, for Erich preferred to stick to his profession rather than to become a miller. At our wedding, which was not long delayed, no one seemed happier than the two half-brothers—the old feud was entirely forgotten.

THE TRAVELING AMERICAN.

I REMEMBER once being present at a discussion wherein the question arose, For what motives do people usually go to church? The answers given were various: To pass away the time; to show off their new clothes; because it is the fashion; because it is the right thing to do; and, lastly, to offer up thanks and praise to Heaven. In like manner, and in such varied phrase, could the question be answered as to why Americans visit Europe: To gaze upon its wonders; to visit its sights; to profit by the opportunities which it offers for mental and aesthetic culture—that answer would come last upon the list, and would probably refer to a class of visitors important in status and mental gifts, probably, but less conspicuous and less noted than those of our citizens who come from other and less ostensible motives.

I have treated in a previous paper of the large number who come to Paris for the sole and avowed purpose of mingling in the dissipation and follies of this gayest of gay cities. But that class of visitors is a permanent one; they come not as shadows, neither do they so depart, but they arise in battalions and persistently remain. It is rather of the passing traveler of whom I would speak, the summer sojourner beneath the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, or the tourist whose twelve months' tour comprises, in its carefully-calculated limits, the whole of Europe, with a dash of Asia and a touch of Africa thrown in.

First upon the list comes the sad tourist for Fashion's sake, than whom there exists no more miserable being on the face of the globe. Bothered with foreign language, perplexed with foreign ways, poisoned with foreign food, Mr. and Mrs. de Shoddie, fresh from the brown-stone shadows of Fifth Avenue or the sunny brick-and-mortar of Chestnut Street, go stumbling blindly through the alien routes of European travel, seeking for a shadow which ever eludes them, the spectre of true enjoyment or real improvement. The forms of ancient art, the grim or glorious visions of history, lie about their pathway as they go; but they turn on them blank, unseeing faces, and marvel at the roughness of the road and the toilsome nature of the journey. Mont Blanc looms above them in the sublime, white grandeur of its unapproachable glory, and they see a snowy hill and nothing more. They go to the Louvre, and the "Venus de Milo" teaches them no lesson of beauty; she is a broken old stone figure, nothing more. The divine face of Murillo's "Madonna" thrills their souls with no sudden realization of beauty; the cost of the picture is impressive to their souls, not so its artistic charm. The tender loveliness, the girlish charm, the naïve sweetness of the "Girl with the Broken Pitcher" allure them not; they have never heard of

such a man as Greuze, so why should they pause before a picture from his pencil? They march through the Louvre as in the accomplishment of a work of duty, finding something to admire in its frescoed ceilings and gilded panels, it may be, but blind to the art-charm of its contents, deaf to the stories its antique walls could tell, tired of its unending halls and staircases, and glad when the weary day is ended and the more comprehensible charms of the reading-room and the dinner at the Grand Hôtel appeal to their souls instead of these tiresome sights.

It is not hard to realize what an intense bore sight-seeing must necessarily be to persons who, from force of circumstance or natural incapacity, are untrained in or incapable of comprehending the wonders that surround them in Europe. I can compare them to nothing so fitly as to a man who should be forced to listen to a magnificent poem read aloud to him in a language of which he did not understand one word. Vaguely aware that this thing and that, this picture or that statue, yon association-hallowed spot, or venerable building, are generally considered very fine, they gaze and strain both brain and eyes in a wild effort to enjoy what they cannot comprehend.

"Who on earth was Henri de Guise?" asked a frank matron at the Loan Exhibition the other day when some one called her attention to the portrait of the renowned King of Paris. To those who knew the story attached to that painted, sinister face, with its fair hair, and keen eyes, and heavy brow, there was a world of interest and of meaning in the faded painting, but to her it was but a shabby little picture of an unpleasant-looking man. To those who, like Ouida, place Ary Scheffer in the list of the old masters, some knowledge of the grace and charm of his paintings will probably be wanting, but what of those who never heard of Ary Scheffer at all? And what, too, must we think of such a criticism as that of the young lady who, pausing before Gérôme's ghastly picture of "The Duel in the Snow," cries out, "O ma! here's that funny picture that Kate Smith has in her parlor, but law! it must be ever so old! I have seen it at home lots of times." They remind me often, these traveling Americans, of an English couple who sat behind me one night at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. The play was the "Merchant of Venice," and the young man was sedulously engaged in explaining the story, or at least so much of it as related to *Shylock*, to the lady who sat beside him, and who was evidently his wife. "But what," he said, meditatively, "those three boxes have to do with the plot I do not exactly remember!" (The three caskets!)

The French language to such travelers is almost invariably a mystery of mysteries, too dark, too deep, too unfathomable to be divined in its most ordinary or smallest manifestations. Witness the gentleman who, on passing one of those large hat-warehouses called "Entrepôts des Chapeaux," cried with exultation, pointing to the sign hung around with multitudinous hats, "Now I know the French word for hat—it is 'enterpot!'" I once, too, was sorely put to it to preserve my gravity when a person remarked to me that

it was very strange that so many of the jewelry-shops in Paris were kept by one man, that "Mr. Bijoux" whose name was stuck up in every jeweler's window he had looked into. And no fiction, but actual truth, is the story of the man who complained that he never could get a place in the omnibus running to "Complet," because the conductors never would stop to let him in, "Complet" being the word inscribed upon the placard which is placed above the door of a Paris omnibus to announce that it is full. And I remember once traveling with a party, one member of which was sorely annoyed while in France because the servants, whenever they brought him any thing, would say, "*Pour Monsieur Smith!*"

"Why do they always say, 'Poor Monsieur Smith?'" he queried, indignantly. "I'm not a poor man, and, if I am, they are very rude to remind me of it!"

It is very amusing, too, to observe the blush of shocked modesty which usually tinges the cheek of an American lady when first she catches sight of the French word for shirts, which is lavishly displayed on the windows of every furnishing-store in Paris. She finds enough real cause for blushing, Heaven knows! in the most fashionable streets of that city, so my countrywoman need not waste her sorely-needed roses on an innocent word, which with us bears but half of its original signification, and must not be mentioned to ears polite.

And in this connection let me pause to remark, parenthetically, that the olden query of "What becomes of the pins?" could be asked with equal propriety respecting all the French which is taught in America. What does become of it all?—that is an unanswerable question in my mind. There is not a single girls' school of any standing in America in whose course of regular studies French is not included, and yet the number of American ladies who can, I will not say carry on conversations and write letters in French, but who can even ask for a candle, order a dinner, make out a coachman's charges, or comprehend the jargon of a dress-maker or milliner, are numerically almost infinitesimal. What does become of the French? Will any educational theorist undertake to answer?

But this class of benighted travelers I have just described is not composed wholly of Americans—that same class of traveling English being superior in point of numbers and inferior as regards intelligence to their transatlantic brethren. There is a native acuteness about Yankee Doodle which the more sluggish-minded John Bull wholly lacks, and Jonathan takes in things at a glance which John fails to comprehend. For instance, I was once, in company with a large party of Americans, inspecting the state-apartments of the Tuileries, and I was standing with a gentleman before a colossal bust, in marble, of Napoleon I., which represented the emperor in classic drapery, his breast bare, and his head encircled with a laurel-wreath. Up behind us came a party of Englishmen, and they stopped to gaze upon the bust.

"A—a—ah, very fine!" remarks one of them; then, turning to my companion, he

said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but could you oblige me by telling me whose bust that is—the Empress Eugénie's, I presume?"

"Exactly so; the Empress Eugénie's," answered my friend, and the party moved on.

"How could you," I whispered, choking with laughter as I did so, "tell such an absurd fib?"

"Adjective fool!" he made answer (I put his remark mildly), "if he did not know the difference between Napoleon I. and Eugénie, I was not going to enlighten him."

Now, an American would have seen at a glance that the bust was not that of the empress, even if he had not known for whom it was intended. It was a traveling Englishman, a clergyman of high standing in the Church of England, who, during the height of our late war, addressed to a gentleman from New England that touching and striking remonstrance which has never yet, I believe, been recorded. "Behold!" he cried, after a long time spent in arguments about the folly and wickedness of our fratricidal contest, and turning to a map of the Western Hemisphere as he spoke, "Nature herself has separated the North and the South by a mighty barrier, and made of you evidently two nations. Look there how slender is the link which unites you," and he put his finger upon the Isthmus of Panama! But their blunders about us, both geographically and politically, during our late rebellion, were too numerous to be recounted or preserved. If we Americans make some mistakes about European affairs, we can find examples of equal, nay, more, of far greater, ignorance in Europe respecting our own. I must confess, however, that it was a countryman of my own—ay, and a lady of good birth and position, too—whom I overheard saying, as she turned from the tomb of the first Napoleon in the Church of Les Invalides: "Well, there are two things for which I never could forgive Napoleon, and these are the divorce of Marie Louise and the murder of the Duke de Reichstadt." And it was, too, an American girl who whispered to me in Munich, when we were standing together before Hildebrandt's superb picture of "Othello telling his Adventures to Desdemona," "I did not like to ask just now, but would you oblige me by telling me who *Othello* was?" Nor shall I soon forget the gentle lady of whom, after a long residence in Europe, I once asked:

"Have you ever seen Ristori?"

"N—o—no," she answered, hesitatingly; "he was not singing at any of the operas-houses in Italy while I was there."

And like unto that was the speech of another dame of "goodlie companie," who was much pleased with Salvini's acting, and who, on her companion remarking, rather irrelevantly, that he had just been to see Schneider, who was about to visit America, answered, majestically, "I have heard him much praised, but, as a tragedian, he cannot possibly surpass Salvini!" O Grande Duchesse and Belle Hélène, I should think not, indeed!

There is, besides, a large class of Americans who seem to come abroad for no other purpose in the world than to go shopping. Why they should take the trouble to cross the ocean, braving the possible perils of the

deep and the almost certain sea-sickness, merely to run the gantlet of French milliners and dress-makers, Italian jewelers, Irish lace and poplin sellers, and Genevese warehouses, is to me inconceivable. To this class, the so-called sights of Europe are mere episodes—things to be glanced over hastily when the serious work for which the tour was undertaken—namely, the ordering of garments, gloves, and trinkets—has been accomplished. "We have seen nothing as yet, but we mean to go sight-seeing as soon as our work is finished," is a common phrase in their mouths. To them the Bon Marché is far more interesting than the Louvre, the towers of Notre-Dame are not half so imposing a spectacle as the interior of the show-rooms of Worth, and the treasures of the Luxembourg or of the Salon can bear no comparison in their minds with a display of Viot's latest styles in bonnets. Their souls, even more than their bodies, are wrapped up in their clothes. They measure what they have seen as with a yardstick; they look upon the surface of things through a confused mirage of dresses and gloves and bonnets and jewelry. "Geneva? Yes; a lovely city—such heavenly shops! It was there that I bought that exquisite locket, and so cheap—only five hundred francs, as I told you. I did not think much of Chamouni; there was nothing to see in the windows, of course, except wood-work and Swiss crystals, and they are so common. I went to the Salon the other day, but could not stay long, as I had an engagement with my dress-maker, and so had to hurry away; but the pictures seemed to be very pretty. I was going to the theatre the other night, to see some old play or other, but we had been at the Bon Marché all day, and really when we got home I was too tired to dress to go out. I had a delightful time in Vienna—we got quantities of that sweet leather-work and such pretty things on gilded bronze; and I thought Venice perfectly charming—such exquisite beads, and so very cheap. We did not stay long in Turin, but we found there the cheapest gloves that we have met with in Europe. We had a lovely time in Rome, and I must show you the superb sashes I got there for a mere trifle. St. Peter's? Yes—dreadfully fatiguing, you know; and we did not see Italy very thoroughly, as we had to hurry back to Paris to get ready to go home—all our winter outfit to order, and those French tradespeople are so slow and so tiresome."

On hearing speeches like the above, the question will arise anew in one's mind, What did these people come abroad for? The price of their passage, and the cost of foreign travel, added to the sum which they mean to expend in dress over here, would have supplied their wants in that line in New York even more amply than the amount which they have devoted to European purchases can do. Is it worth while to cross the mighty ocean, to expatriate one's self, to be bored by foreign habits, and bothered with the jargon of unknown tongues, and wearied with much travel, merely to go a-shopping? What, to these devotees of dress, are the wonders of Nature, the marvels of art, the hallowed perfume of historic association? To them the

grandeur of St. Peter's, the glories of the Vatican, the

... "sweep of Soracte, snow-white
And purple Albano, a glory of light,"

are but as songs chanted to deaf ears—pictures unfolded before sightless eyes. Ears have they, but they hear nothing save a murmur of "seam, and gusset, and band;" eyes have they, but they see nothing beyond the bewildering whirl of lace, and gauze, and silk, and velvet, and feathers, which sweep before the gaze of a worshiper at the shrine of the goddess Fashion. To this class the English seldom contribute any members. Englishwomen are absurdly tasteless and careless as regards their dress; they seem to go the other extreme from my fair countrywomen, and so far from spending too much time and attention on the dress-makers, they generally look as though they came from a land where the dress-maker's art was a thing unknown—a region far from the civilizing influences of the fashion-plate and the paper pattern. To them the exquisite marvels of Parisian taste appeal in vain. A costume made up of glaring and ill-assorted hues; a mass of coarse artificial flowers surmounting a hideous structure of imitation lace, called by courtesy a bonnet; a profusion of white-cotton lace as dress-trimming; a boot broad as the jokes of the *Figaro*; a pair of gloves two sizes too large, whose color "swears at" every thing else in the wearer's toilet—by these signs may you recognize Madame Bull, or any of her daughters. I well remember a young English married lady of dazzling beauty, who stopped at the same hotel with myself some months ago, and who used to go forth arrayed in a pale-gray dress trimmed with deep-pink silk, a bright-yellow bonnet, and lilac-kid gloves, and, in spite of her radiant complexion, her brilliant eyes, and faultless features, she succeeded in making a perfect "guy" of herself, to use a slangy word for which polite language offers no equivalent.

There is still another set of American travelers who are especially calculated to exasperate the nerves of their more patriotic and sensible fellow-citizens abroad, and that is composed of the rare specimens which our native land affords of the genus snob. The American snob, like a menagerie-born monkey transported to the tropics, finds himself, or herself, suddenly transferred from ungenial climes and uncongenial associates to the very land of his origin and of his dreams. If he is wealthy, and he generally is a millionaire, his wealth buys him ready admission to the hallowed realms where, in awful state, sit enthroned Nobility and Royalty, enveloped, to his dazzled eyes, in a sort of celestial radiance. Lord Tomnoddy condescends to cheat him on the turf, the Comte d'Escoquerie wins his money at cards, the Marquis of Moneyless and the Baron de Boursevilde sue for the fair hands of his daughters. He writes home glowing descriptions of the glory and the grace that surround his daily life, and his wife is in the seventh heaven. At home Mrs. Blueblood has snubbed her, Miss Hautton refused to come to her parties, and a cruel and heartless society has dared to smile at her little idiosyn-

crasies and absurdities. She has tried to get into society in America by every conceivable mode of ingress, and has only succeeded in squeezing herself past the portal and in sitting on the threshold. And behold! here she is hobnobbing with dukes and counts, hand-and-glove with countesses and baronesses, courtied to by queens, and presented to princes and kings. Did not the Grand-duchess of Saxe-Butterbrod bow to her with condescending graciousness when she attended her royal highness's last levee? and did not the Hereditary Prince of Weimunderwasser remark to her at the last court-ball that the rooms were very hot? They did—they did—and in that fact lies bliss for Mrs. Snobbins. Ah me! it is as well that happiness should sometimes be so cheaply purchased.

But, after all, these laughable specimens of our nation's folly or weakness, of which Europe becomes possessed, are but types of a class far inferior in numbers to the really intelligent and cultivated travelers that come and go, and make no sign. Educated, intellectual men, refined and sensible women, weary brain-workers seeking for rest amid the realized dreams of their art-ideal, lovers of Nature going forth to gaze upon her as she appears in the picturesque regions of the Old World, these are in truth and in reality the traveling Americans as a whole. We find them lingering in the halls of the Louvre or the Vatican, spellbound before the marvels of the olden art; we come upon them in scenes of historic association; we find them rapt in contemplation beneath the shadow of the Alps. If women, without scorning the claims of Fashion and of dress, they yet do not sell their days to shops and to dress-makers. They get clothed, yet are they in their right minds. Solomon's lilies may be less gloriously arrayed than they, yet Worth's dresses cover, in their cases, hearts that can feel, as Viot's bonnets shade brains that can appreciate the nobler attractions of this elder world. They come, not forgetting nor loving less their own home, to seek here the charms that, in her toilsome youth and inexperience, she has not yet found time to win. Art teaches them her noblest lessons; Nature bends upon them her sweetest smiles; and, when they return to America, they bear with them a subtle atmosphere of culture and refinement which pervades their homes and their social circles as with a health of heaven-born fragrance. These are the true type of the Americans abroad; but the other set, bored, conspicuous, and self-asserting, like the fast set in fashionable society, are too frequently taken as a specimen of a class of which they are but excrescences and distortions.

There is an Indian story of how three sisters once went forth into the forest to seek a plant which was said to be endowed with rare yet unknown virtues. They all three found it, and the first, of the red leaves of the flower, made a paint to color her cheeks; the second, from the seeds, distilled a deadly poison; and the third, from the root, prepared a medicine of wondrous healing power. And so it is with Americans abroad. Some find in the rare blossoms of European

travel only a deeper dye for their vanity and their folly; others convert it into the deadly draught of dissipation and of sin; while others (and these by far the greater number) find therein purifying and ennobling influences for soul and brain alike.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

VELVETEEN BOOTS.

SHE never should have said it! But first I should observe that Mr. Messeps (Solomon Messeps, floor-walker in Constant & Stirling's dry-goods establishment) possesses a straightness of back, a length of limb, a perfection of coat and trousers, a look-and-die glance in his muddy but large and dark eye, and a glamour of whisker, that make a calm description of him simply impossible to any woman under forty. These attractions may be the reason why he stands to the neighborhood where our story transacted itself, or rather to the young ladies thereof, in some such relation as a prize racing-cup, or a champion's belt. Certain it is that Miss Moblot, whose father owned his own house, was as well known at Constant & Stirling's as the lay-figure in the window; that Miss Matilda Mason and Miss Solliquipa were intimate friends of the deadliest type, for no other purpose than to reckon up this young gentleman; that a dozen other young women were at sword's-points about him; and that all united in detesting Miss Jennie Millfugus, as half a length ahead, and likely to win, in virtue of her good looks and undeniable gentility. Therefore, I repeat, she should never have said it, even had there been no such thing as the Millfugus mystery.

And there was such a mystery. Jennie Millfugus, with her sister Harriet, lived in No. 10 of a block of three-story buildings well over toward the west—brick houses with high steps, wearing, in some indefinable way, the air of a person with well-cleaned gloves, and old boots scrupulously blacked. According to the way in which you choose to put it, these houses are the last bulwark of the street against the tide of poverty rolling in from the river; or they are the connecting link between life, four blocks away, on ten thousand a year, and life on ten dollars a week. And being thus, as it were, on neutral ground, it was natural that they should express the ill-at-ease condition of all neutrality; also that all the inhabitants should be engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with appearances, and that they should be very high with an outside world, and observe toward each other an awful punctilio.

Foremost among this little army of pinched and struggling martyrs were Harriet and Jennie Millfugus, as girls of an excellent family: one of the sharpest stings, that last, of poverty. For, if one must be poor, and can take it in the natural way, planted squarely on feet stout, and long, and wide, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, the affair is not so hopeless. The lady who delighted me but now with a nod of recognition from her fine barouche, fifteen years ago smoked a pipe, and was seen of mornings with bare feet. But, weighted

with their ancestors about their necks—as were Harriet and Jennie—those two girls lived the life of a border baron of old, forever on the alert, forever menaced by the foe, forever battling with facts that were continually forcing their way through the weak defense of appearances. Harriet was thirty-four; the family-mother, as often happens with an elder sister; and most properly plain, and practical, and adapted to her position. Jennie was twenty, and the women declared there was nothing in her. Nevertheless, she was of a very wholesome and womanly appearance—a rarer charm than is apt to be imagined. Girls are jaunty, stylish, pretty, by the score; but how often comes one, to whom you are drawn, as thoroughly and essentially a woman? Just this Jennie continually suggested. You observed the dimple at her wrist, the white parting of her abundant hair, the wholesome redness of her lips and whiteness of her skin, a pair of fine gray eyes with black lashes and readily-dilating iris, a round waist, an easy grace in the very flow of her skirts, involuntarily, and with a quick sense of pleasure. Perhaps this was why men and Mr. Messeps found her charming. Perhaps, also, it was why the gentler inhabitants of the blocks had a fashion of speaking of her with a slighting smile, and as “poor thing!” But why she should never have been seen with her sister—why, when you called on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, as often as you pleased, you found Miss Harriet, fresh and smiling, to receive you, and no hint of Jennie; and, if you came on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, whenever you pleased, you found Jennie, fresh and smiling, and no hint of Harriet; and why the two sisters, differing so widely in years, should have dressed precisely alike, even to the last bow and ruffle—ah, that was the Millfugus mystery! No one ever saw them out of the little, dark, horse-hair-furnished parlor. No one ever saw them together. No one had ever dined, or lunched, or taken tea, with them, and no one had yet comprehended it. But to keep a mystery wholly within the compass of one's life, and no loose end hanging out, is impossible; and a steady and cautious pull at such an end—what might it not bring, pell-mell, after it, should some one's interest warrant the laying hold of it?

So, as I began by saying, she should never have said it. It was Jennie who said it, and with an air of triumph. A triumphant air is always a wanton attack on human jealousy, a gratuitous waving of the red flag in the very eyes of the bull. It is true, she must have been almost more than human had she not stopped to say she could not stop, and dropped the word “Gardens,” and remarked that she was going there that evening. And that Miss Mason should say, “with the Smith family, of course,” was vexatious; for why “of course?” as if she was a girl that could get nowhere unless pinned to the skirts of some family! And so she said it:

“It might be ‘of course,’ if it were you, Miss Matilda; but I am going with Mr. Messeps!”

That was fairly throwing down the glove! Very imprudent in a lady hampered by a mystery! and with a great blush, too, that flamed from her cheeks all over her face! I

suspect Matilda could have forgiven the speech more readily than the blush; the last was such an unimpeachable witness of happy consciousness on Miss Millfugus's part; but, assuredly, she was not the girl to refuse the challenge.

Could Miss Millfugus have seen—but which of us does foresee? We open the door ourselves to Fate almost invariably; yet which of us recognizes her? Beyond a satisfied impression of “serves her right,” Jennie thought very little about it. She was absorbed in more important considerations. It was a saying between her and her sister that “if either were called suddenly to die, their first impression would be that it was impossible, as they had nothing fit to die in.” And another, that “they lived on the income of a wolf, as in it there was no more provision for clothes than if they had been born furry creatures.”

Purchasing a dress they styled shooting the rapids, so great were the perils, so nice the calculation, necessary for the venture; while their wardrobe itself, if it could pretend to such a name, they christened “All the Year Round,” as, in buying a gown, say for the summer, it was necessary to calculate, also, how it could be remade in the fall, and what could be done with it in the winter—a prophetic style of shopping, in which only a clairvoyant or spiritual medium might be supposed to achieve complete success. And let none think lightly of these perplexities. So long as human nature is constituted as it is at present, so long not all the frouzy sayings extant about silk-worm and sheep-wool will console a womanly woman when she disguises dainty feet in coarse, misshapen shoes; when a waist and shoulders that would become silk and camel's-hair are disfigured in rusty and darned alpaca; when sashes, gloves, fans, chatelains, flowers, perfumes, combs, pendants, ribbons, the thousand trifles that are the real secret of a woman's toilet, hang in the shop-windows, as unattainable as the apples of the Hesperides. And Jennie winced daily under these privations, as did Gulliver under the darts of the Liliputians.

Something more than mortified pride, however, was involved on the present occasion. The prize Messeps, the *parti* of the block, was in that critical condition where he might be said to be tottering on the very verge of a declaration. Jennie felt, instinctively, that the approaching expedition to the Gardens involved a crisis. A touch only was needed to finish the work; while, on the contrary, if he were allowed to recover himself, it would be no easy matter to lure him back to this most desirable position. By that curious freemasonry existing among women, Miss Harriet was quite well aware of the position of affairs, though up to this time not a word had been said between them on the subject. She listened to her younger sister with an anxious, pondering face, and sighed deeply.

“If rent-day were only not the day after to-morrow!” she said. “If it could be any other time—”

“But I could not tell him that,” returned Jennie, half laughing, half crying. “The usages of society won't allow a girl, you

know, to say, 'If you will come next week I will wear the butter in my hat, the tea in my gloves, the sugar around my neck; but you must excuse me this evening, as the rent is due, and we have dispensed with those articles already.'

"Or if we were like those story-heroinés," pursued Harriet, as if thinking aloud, "who always have some wonderful old lace, and a piece of satin or velvet that can be covered over, and made to look finer than any thing from Worth's; but one old gray dress, that has done duty for two girls since early spring—cotton goods at that! Do you know, Jennie, among all the bits of Italian-lace wisdom going the rounds, I am not sure that there is one more exasperating to me than that saying about a lady's character as revealed in her dress? Does it ever occur to anybody, I wonder, that it costs more to dress plainly and appropriately than out of what odds and ends you have, or the cheap goods you can afford to buy? And that there is such a being as a lady in taste and feeling without money?"

"But to-night! to-night!" insisted Jennie, half gleeful, half anxious. "What can I do for to-night? Our old gray dress is too shabby; besides, when you wore it last you greased the front."

"There is the old Victoria lawn. It is a little short—"

"And my shoes!" interrupted Jennie, putting out a foot on which the stocking was plainly visible. "O sis! why not give it up? Hire a room at once in some tenement-house, and stand in the door with the others—those women whom you see arms akimbo and hair twisted up in a hard knot? Resign ourselves, and tell our friends that concerts and courtships and other decencies of civilized life are not for—our income?"

"There is the old black-silk basque," continued Harriet, as if she had heard nothing. "The silk was never good, but it will not show so much in the evening. You can take out the sleeves and wear it as a sleeveless basque. And that three dollars that we saved—"

"We!—you saved for your shoes!" interpolated Jennie.

Harriet put that aside with a wave of the hand.

"I saw ladies' boots on Eighth Avenue—don't scream, Jennie—velveteen boots—for two dollars. Dreadful, I know, but not so dreadful as to show one's stockings. You must put your best foot foremost, or rather keep it out of sight, and pray that there be no wind. And you can get lavender gloves to match the ribbon on your hat with the remaining dollar."

"I will keep that," said Jennie, doggedly, "to buy the ears and snout, and make myself the pig complete, that I should be if I listened to you—you, who have had no shoes in six months, and who limp on all the down-hill sides of the street, because of those dreadful heels; you, who go nowhere; you, who staid at home from the parsonage-reception; you give me that three dollars that you have pinched off from your bread-and-butter! Never! I'll stay at home with you"—throwing her arms about her sister's neck.

"Cannot you understand," retorted Harriet, "that this is a speculation, and the purest selfishness?" Then she pushed her away, not ungently, though. "Now listen. Since I must speak out, that three dollars I mean to invest in Messep's stock, with an eye to future profit. You are not a woman of business. I am. I see so clearly that I want words to express it, that the income on which two starve will support one in luxury, when I am left alone."

Jennie grew scarlet.

"As for that, it is all nonsense. I wonder you talk so. But if—say any thing did happen—O Harriet! you know very well where I go, you would go, too."

"And there would be a clause in the marriage-ceremony," said Harriet, smiling slightly. "'I take this woman and her sister to be my wife.' My poor little Jennie, my poor child, take your money and buy your boots. Indeed you must. If you don't go, I will, and have them fitted on my own foot, a little tight, and then I shall lose my morning's sewing."

So adjured, Jennie went. But Remorse kept fast by her, and Disgust half choked her.

"It is like murdering your neighbor for two-and-sixpence," she told Harriet. "To be guilty of such a meanness for velveteen boots and dollar gloves!" Nothing pleased her. She looked at the Victoria lawn and its scant plaitings with a sneer. I should wear a placard, '\$2.50—cheap, on my back,' she observed. "That is what such suits are selling for." The old silk waist was intolerable. She vowed she would prefer a shilling calico, could she afford to buy one. The wind was rising—indeed, it was a sullen, cloudy afternoon.

"I shall look like a white hen on a wet day," she told her sister, drawing on her right-hand glove. Just then the bell rang, and at the same instant the glove split entirely across the back. She glanced at herself in the glass (her eyes were red and the sunshine out of her face), and turned to her sister with an indescribable look.

"You have invested your three dollars badly, my dear."

Mr. Messep's was waiting for her in the little, dark, horse-hair-furnished parlor; gloves and trousers cream-color, coat and necktie perfect, collar and studs. If any thing was wanted to complete the poor girl's depression it was the air of fashion and prosperity that seemed actually to radiate from his handsome and satisfied self. All in a moment she felt herself half starved, as she truly was, pinched, woe-worn, awkward, inappropriate; and advanced toward him rather with the air of a convicted felon than of the high-spirited and coquettish girl she really was. Mr. Messep's glanced at her clouded face, then at her dress, and started—at least to the girl's sensitive fancy—and a subtle, chilling reserve at once seemed to form itself between them. He was daunted by her manner. She was as happy and comfortable as a girl could feel in a high wind, with short skirts and dreadful velveteen boots, and one bare hand, that will get red and swollen, resting conspicuously on a gentleman's arm, and a miserable consciousness

that she is in every way at her worst. As they neared the corner, they met Matilda Mason. She smiled knowingly at Mr. Messep's, took in Jennie, in one long, woman's look, till her eyes reached the ground, and started theatrically. Mr. Messep's instantly looked down. At that moment the sullen wind, tearing up the avenue in a cloud of dust, caught them, seized on Jennie's light skirts, wrapped them tightly about her ankles, and held them there.

Mr. Messep's saw, the whole world saw, the whole of the velveteen boots.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that, from that moment, as Jennie told her sister, Mr. Messep's turned the conversation to velveteen boots, and declared that Curtius jumped into the gulf for no other reason than that he was caught in a pair of them; or that Horatius refused to come off the bridge, and preferred to fight the whole of Lars Porsema's army, for the same reason. Nor is it credible that Thomas's band played an overture on the same subject, as she furthermore insisted; but that the unlucky incident disturbed the whole evening, and altogether startled Mr. Messep's out of the declaration on which Mr. Messep's had determined, is only too true. He certainly liked Miss Millfugus better than any girl he knew. But then Mr. Messep's had been used to speak of her as a young lady of independent income. Now, did young ladies of independent incomes wear velveteen boots? And, if there was no such income, on what did she live? Mr. Messep's felt much like a man suddenly arrested on the brink of a yawning chasm.

And now one might have thought that Fate had accomplished her worst; but, if that were so, Fate had not consulted Matilda Mason. For it now occurred to that young lady to propose, with much artlessness of manner, a surprise call—surprisers, Mr. Messep's, Miss Moblot, Miss Mason, and Miss Selliquips; surprises, the Misses Millfugus. If you are an evil-minded person, very possibly you divine her motive. For me, I am innocence itself, and cannot see why this most unfortunate idea should have led them, not into the little horse-hair parlor, but straight up the stairs. Motioning for silence at a little back-room door, she knocked. A voice cried, "Come in!" Miss Mason at that flung wide the door, pushing Mr. Messep's ahead, who made a step forward and recoiled. The uncarpeted floor, the poor little bed, the few chairs, were heaped with piles of what is called shop-work. Miss Harriet (it was her night—that is, the night on which she was always seen, attired in the gray dress) stood amazed in the centre of the floor. Before the sewing-machine, in calico sack and skirt, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, sat Jennie, in the middle of a long seam. At the silence that followed the opening of the door, she looked up, saw Mr. Messep's recoiling, her sister's "struck" face, Matilda's malicious eye, the embarrassment of the other girls, comprehended it on the instant, and came forward.

"Yes," she said, "it is true. We live in this room. We are only allowed the use of the parlor by our landlady, who desires it should be supposed there is but one family in

her house; and we earn our living by this sewing. But we are very glad to see you.—Harriet dear, give them chairs.—You will excuse me; this is my sister's company-night, for we do every thing on system. You see, we have but one dress between us, and cannot afford both of us to lose an evening. What, you are going? Oh, no excuses, I beg! Come again. Good-night!"

Then a courtesy down to the ground that would have been worthy of an empress.

What happened next? Did she faint? Did she cry? No one ever knew. In another week their apartments were vacant. No one knew where they went. In a month from that date Mr. Messeps and Miss Moblot were announced—engaged. She had won the race—by a pair of velveteen boots.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR,

LATE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES BUREAU OF STATISTICS.

VII.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOKS AND PAPERS.

I SHOULD be sorry if the readers of these "Recollections" supposed I had no higher object in view than that of merely entertaining them. There are many things about the civil service that need reforming, and it has been my earnest wish to indicate some of these reforms to the public, and through so agreeable a medium that they would stand in no danger of being bored, as they are pretty sure to be by mere prosy recitals of governmental abuses. I have shown in these "Recollections" how difficult it is to accelerate the business pace of one portion of a great department of government, without at the same time hurrying the others, and that the most energetic man might hurl himself in vain against the *vis inertia* of a settled routine; I have shown that governmental work, to be accomplished, as ours has to be, mainly through the agency of imperfectly educated and wholly untrained men, must be accorded a much longer time than need be in countries where the agents are more competent and experienced; I have shown that while, as a nation, we pass a great many laws, we take pains to execute but few of them, and these indifferently well; I have shown in one instance, that of the "Immigrant Horror," what terrible and fatal results have grown out of this neglect, and yet, when the *démolition* had passed, how the old routine had been resumed, and even the same faithless officers reapointed to execute it; I have sketched some of the troublesome and other of the odd characters with whom the civil-service officer has to deal—the political, the rural and unsophisticated, the refractory, the fraudulent, the pretentious, the treacherous, and the lazy subordinates with whom he comes in contact; I have endeavored, on the other hand, to award due credit to the intelligent, tractable, honest, faithful, and industrious elements which abound in the civil service,

and shown, particularly, how woman has excelled in this department of industrial activity; and, finally, I have shown the terrible temptations that sometimes lie in the path of the honest official, and how much he has need of public toleration and support to strengthen him in resisting them.

But, besides all this, there are many things about the civil service that the public, both for its own immediate sake and that of the service, which is its own sake in the long-run, ought to know; and there is nothing that concerns it more than the subject of books and papers.

Did it ever occur to the reader what became of the books and papers of the government? Bear in mind the fact that nearly all the departmental business of our government is done in six buildings: the Treasury, the Post-Office, the Interior Department, the War, Navy, and State Departments—the business transactions of the Executive Mansion and departments of Justice and Agriculture, as at present arranged, being comparatively few—and that either these six buildings must have ample accommodations for the public archives, or else the books and papers must be disposed of in some manner unsuspected by the public. This government has been "running" now for nearly a century. Have the books and papers of all that long period been preserved; and, if so, in what condition and where are they to be found? But a few years since the Postmaster-General estimated the loss to his department from the franking of letters and documents as equal to some two million dollars a year; and, indeed, the annual appropriations of money for the use of the departments in the purchase of postage-stamps since that time have nearly equaled this sum. Now, two million dollars for postage implies a correspondence of tremendous magnitude, to say nothing of that additional correspondence, the postage upon which is not now, as it used to be, defrayed by the government, but by individuals. What becomes of all this correspondence?

Judging from the many letters I received while in office referring to this subject, I should say that the popular idea of what becomes of the books and papers committed to the government is that, when the business they relate to has been disposed of, they are turned over to some general keeper of archives, whose office it is to classify and index them, and file them away for reference.

I recollect that a widow lady once wrote me a request to send her an official copy of a claim to mining-lands, which her late husband had filed some years before in the General Land-Office. This department of government had formerly been in the Treasury, and this was the reason why she wrote to me. If she could obtain this paper she would become enormously rich, she said, for the mine had proved very productive, and lapse of time had not yet barred the claim. Although every exertion was made to recover this paper, it could not be found. The poor widow is now dead—she died in abject indigence—and the paper may still be in its place, for all that we know, but where that place is, such is the utter confusion of what, for want of a more fitting term, we must

dignify by the name of the public archives, no man can tell.

There was an American shipmaster once, who sailed away into the Indian Ocean, was caught in a monsoon, and lost his vessel, with nearly every soul on board. After many years and a world of adventures, the skipper, whose perils had prostrated his nervous system and broken him up for life, made his way back to the United States, more dead than alive. One of his first acts (he was the owner as well as the commander of the ill-fated vessel) was to apply to the Treasury Department to surrender his register and quash his bond. Unfortunately, neither register nor bond could be found; and, although the man was assured that under the circumstances he would suffer no harm, such was the degree of his nervous apprehension that the government would treacherously and unexpectedly "come down on him," that he went raving mad, and had to be locked up in an insane asylum.

One of the most affecting cases arising from the confusion of our public records that came within my observation was the following:

About twenty years ago a steamer sailed from a European port to this country. Among those on board were a French Huguenot gentleman and a young English lady. They had never met before; but no sooner did they see each other than an attachment sprang up between them, which soon ripened, upon acquaintance, into mutual esteem and enduring love. The vessel, when seven days out, struck upon Cape-Race Rock, and became a total wreck. Most of the passengers were saved, among them the two persons alluded to, and landed, in small boats, at Chance Cove, a few miles north of the cape. Here they remained for several days, living *à la Robinson Crusoe*, until they were observed by a coasting-vessel and taken off in small parties to St. John, Newfoundland. At this place the subjects of my story were united in marriage. The only means of getting away from St. John was either to wait for the relief-steamer, which the captain of the wrecked vessel had (by way of St. John, New Brunswick) telegraphed to his port of destination in the United States for, or take the fortnightly mail-steamer to Halifax. As this latter course involved the payment of passage, and most of our shipwrecked people had lost their all on the sharp-pointed rocks of Cape Race, but few could avail themselves of it. On the other hand, to await the relief-vessel involved a further detention at St. John of, it was believed, fully two months—not a very pleasant prospect in such a place. In this dilemma our hero resolved upon a *ruse*. He and his wife hid themselves in different places on board the Halifax steamer when she was ready to sail. Their plan was to remain concealed until she was out at sea, and then to discover themselves. The gentleman had friends at Halifax, and knew he could obtain funds when he arrived there. They were both young, giddy creatures, and hardly understood the foolish nature of their enterprise.

Well, the vessel put to sea; and, after a few hours of seclusion, the French gentleman

made his appearance. This was the signal for a volley of curses from the captain of the vessel, and a cruel order condemning the stow-away to the martyrdom of a coal-bunker. But our hero cared nothing for either the heat of the furnace or the smut of the coal. He had gained his passage, and his misery would be over in two days. The only thing he cared about was his wife. So he went to work at stoking coal with a will; determined first to allow the captain's rage to blow over, and then to search out his hidden sweetheart.

Imagine his horror and despair when he heard, shortly afterward, from a brother stoker, that his wife had been discovered before the vessel left port and put ashore. In vain had she called upon her husband, who could not hear her; in vain had she asserted to the infuriated captain that her husband was stowed away on the vessel, and that she would not be parted from him. She was heard with derision, and treated as an unscrupulous and vicious person; so that she was doubtless landed in St. John not only *minus* a husband, but also *minus* a character for respectability. At least, this was the conclusion to which her unhappy husband arrived as he looked over the trackless waters about the vessel and cursed the repeated misfortunes they had visited upon him. However, there was no help for the situation until he could reach Halifax.

Next day, or the day after, he was kicked rather than put ashore, and found himself in the streets of Halifax in a guise so suspicious that, but for his obvious air of gentility, he would not have been received at the Arcadian Hotel, where he had had the courage to apply for board.

To make the story short, he succeeded in finding his friends and having his drafts honored, a thing he could not accomplish in Newfoundland. Then he offered to pay for his stolen passage in the steamer, an offer which was impudently refused by the agents. He finally took passage back in the same vessel for St. John, with the view of rescuing his wife from her uncomfortable and perilous position there.

But new troubles were in store for him. When he arrived at St. John he found that the relief-vessel from the States had arrived before she was expected, and that his wife had taken passage in her. She had left a letter behind for him, explaining that she had deemed it best to pursue this course rather than lose the only opportunity that promised of getting away from a place so odious, and where she had no friends; that she could not be certain of the success of his enterprise to Halifax; that she had written to him at Halifax, and to their common port of destination in the States, to the same effect; and that she would await his arrival at the last-named place at the house of the friends with whom she was traveling.

As it subsequently turned out, it seems that this inexperienced young creature had made two very important mistakes. In the first place, the relief-vessel did not go to the port to which the wrecked vessel was bound; in the second place, her friends did not live at the last-named place, but somewhere else,

supposed to be out West. So that when, after many detentions, our heart-broken Frenchman found his way to the port of destination, he could discover no trace of his wife.

Among the requirements of the State laws upon immigration is one that demands of each alien passenger his name, vocation, place of destination, etc. After some weeks of knocking about at the seaport, our Frenchman heard of this requirement of the laws, and commenced to search the records of the State Bureau of Immigration, in the hope of finding his wife's name and place of destination. Although he expended a good deal of time and money in this search, the archives were so fragmentary and disordered that nothing came of it; neither did he obtain any intelligence through the post-office.

Ten years passed away. About this time a Federal Bureau of Immigration (now abolished) was established in the State Department. I have, in a previous paper, explained how the functions of this bureau came to be turned over to the Bureau of Statistics.

Well, one day, some two years later, a card, bearing a well-known French Huguenot name, was brought into my office. The bearer of the card was introduced. He was a young man, of medium stature, of an intellectual appearance, and bore the traces of long suffering. His object in visiting me was to solicit permission to examine the lists of immigrant passengers which he understood were filed in my bureau. I explained to him that, although the statistical returns of immigration were compiled and collated in my office, the lists of passengers, if there were any such lists, were required by law to be deposited in the State Department. Upon this he apologized for his intrusion, and withdrew.

About two hours afterward he came again—this time with a look of the deepest dejection, almost in tears. "Oh, sir," said he, "for the love of God, help me to find my wife!" and he related to me the story I have just told. It seems that he had gone to the State Department, and, being accorded permission to search the archives, had found them in such utter confusion—letters, newspapers, returns, copies, books, maps, all higgledy-piggledy, without dates, order, or arrangement—as to render it a physical impossibility to search them. Presuming on the interest which he thought his previous brief visit had awakened in me, he had come to ask my advice what to do.

I told him that, with regard to the archives of the State Department, it did not concern him, in respect of the matter in hand, what condition they were in; that his story placed the arrival of his wife in this country twelve years back, and that the Federal Bureau of Immigration had not been established over two years. It could not, therefore, possess any list of passengers upon which his wife's name as an immigrant was recorded. I advised him to advertise in the personal columns of the leading seaport and interior newspapers. He listened with what I fancied was an air of incredulity to my explanation about the State Department archives, evidently believing still that they must have his wife's name and destination on record there,

and thanked me for my advice, which I saw very plainly was not to his liking. A few weeks afterward I read in the papers that he had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a dueling pistol. Some lines were found in his pocket, addressed to "Julia."

It is true that this story turns not upon the bad condition of the Federal (but of the State) archives, nevertheless it incidentally even refers to the former, and shows that the archives of the Federal, State, and Foreign Departments are, or at least were then, in as confused a state as those of the Treasury.

During the war, soldiers were quartered in the Treasury Building, and lit their pipes with papers from the archives! In the years 1864 and 1865 numerous books of account, relating chiefly to the execution of the navigation and tonnage laws, were deliberately destroyed and sold for old paper. The warehouse returns were for many years regularly thrust into the Treasury stores. The Home Consumption and Import account, by far the most important of the Custom-House accounts, was not known when I went into the Treasury, and owes its present existence to the mere accident that I happened to observe one of the returns in a coal-scuttle!

Examination disclosed the fact that this account (which is not provided for by law) was ordered to be compiled by Secretary Fessenden in 1864; that, in accordance with this order, the collectors of customs had sent in their returns to the Register of the Treasury; that the latter had turned them over to his Commerce and Navigation Division, and that the chief clerk of the latter had systematically poked them into the stove! After some time, the collectors, finding that no notice was taken of these returns, ceased to send them. Their successors (for our customs collectors are changed every little while), finding no requirement with respect to this account in the laws, and ignorant of Mr. Fessenden's official order, knew nothing about it, and the whole thing faded out of remembrance. Only one man remembered any thing about it. He happened to have been in office when Mr. Fessenden's order was promulgated, and, being a strict disciplinarian, had continued to send the account to the Treasury, even although no notice was taken of it. He "did not know how soon government would wake up," he said, and blame him for not obeying orders. So he sent in his returns regularly every quarter, and he was the only officer who, at the time I am speaking of—the spring of 1866—did send in returns of transactions under this account. It is owing to the merely adventitious fact that this man was not "rotated," and knew his duty and performed it, coupled with the other merely adventitious fact that I was curious enough to pick up a piece of account paper from the coal-scuttle used in the principal room of the Bureau of Statistics (to which the Commerce and Navigation accounts had been transferred, in 1866, from the Reporter's Bureau), that the public is able to ascertain to-day what quantities and values of merchandise passed through the custom-houses of the country in a given year, and what sum of duties was paid on

each particular article. This information, than which none is more important for the purposes of legislation, cannot be obtained previous to the date of the coal-scuttle episode. What were called the "imports" previous to 1867 were merely the landing entries; while the account of duties received, so far as regards the *ad-valorem* goods, which formed at that time the greatest bulk of the imports, has no existence whatever, and any statistics which purport to show the total imports, or the *ad-valorem* duties by articles, previous to that time, are spurious.

I know of a case where, the evidence of a merchant's dishonesty in dealing with the custom-house having been deposited in the archives, the keeper of that department was offered a bribe that would have made him rich in a single moment if he would purposefully mislay the evidence—a thing not at all difficult to do. But, though poor, he was a man of honor, and refused; whereupon the merchant fell upon his knees and implored him, in the name of mercy and charity to his innocent family, to conceal the evidence of his criminality. Still the keeper of the archives refused. The salary he received from the government was a small one—only six hundred and fifty dollars a year—but he was a man of great moral courage, and as pure as a virgin. Then the merchant drew a pistol from his pocket, and declared that, unless the keeper sent forthwith for the important paper and destroyed it before his eyes, he would blow his brains out. This took place nearly forty years ago, in a lonely cottage in Twenty-first Street, New York, and the keeper was entirely at the mercy of the merchant; and still the keeper refused. Then a struggle ensued between them for the possession of the pistol, pending which aid arrived, and the keeper was rescued. Within a few weeks after the merchant was convicted of cheating the government, and sent to the State-prison.

The keeper of those archives is dead now (mark, I am not telling a fancy story), but any of the old officers of the New-York Custom-House, if, indeed, there are any of the old officers left, can tell you his name. Should they have forgotten it and you be curious to learn who so faithfully served his country and kept his oath in the civil service, you can turn to the Blue-book for 1835, page 36, and the twenty-second name on the page is that of the faithful keeper.

The archives of the government are not under a single officer, neither are those of the departments severally. Each bureau has its own archives, or files, as they are usually called; and in the many divisions, consolidations, creations, and abolitions of bureaus, that have taken place from time to time, the greatest confusion has resulted. Sometimes the files are kept in the rooms of the bureau they pertain to; sometimes, as in the case of the register's files, in a loft set apart for the purpose. Sometimes the files containing evidence checking the accounts of one officer are deposited, as they should be, in the custody of another; sometimes they are deposited with the officer himself. The whole of the top floor directly beneath the roof of the Treasury Building, besides many apartments of the crypt and portions of nearly every room

in the building, are crammed with files running back to the beginning of the government. But there is little or no order about them. There is even no index to the circulars and official letters, often of vast moment, transmitted by the department, and of which copies are retained in letter-press books. It is only of late years that some fragmentary attention has been paid to the subject, more particularly in the way of digesting the customs, revenue, divisions, and circulars of the department. Every thing is left to memory; memory that is every now and then turned out of office; memory that dies; memory that will not remember when it does not choose.

This last-named fact accounts for that anomalous class of often merely worthless sinecurists whom, in a previous paper, I dubbed "indispensables." Many of these men keep private indexes to the archives, and make a business of selling the information thus gained at the expense of the government, though commonly the price they demand is merely that they shall be continued in office.

One of these worthies, a canny Scotchman, who had been appointed to office as a messenger several generations before, was the keeper of the archives in the register's office at the time that the tonnage accounts of that bureau were turned over to me. I went up-stairs one day to pay him a visit. His quarters were at the top of the building, literally under the eaves, and were packed closely with ships' papers, each individual one of which had its own peculiar smell of tobacco, sweat, salt-water, mildew, tears, and even blood. I found my man sitting on a bale of documents, which stood in a tub. His explanation of this strange proceeding was that they were ships' registers which had been returned upon the wreck or other abandonment of the vessels. They were all folded into different shapes, and some of them even crumpled and torn; and, in order to flatten them out preparatory to refolding and filing them away, they had to be dampened and pressed. The tub was the dampening-box, and his body was the weight. He did not ask for any improved apparatus for the purpose, because he did not wish to intrude himself upon anybody's attention. He was perfectly satisfied with every thing, had lived there, yes, slept there, for years; nobody knew any thing about the files but him, and he didn't know what the government would do when he died.

I was about to turn away before he said this, satisfied that he was a worthy and modest old man, who discharged his duties faithfully; but, when he announced himself an "indispensable," I regarded him with a new attention. Hard lines about the mouth; a peach-blossom complexion, which could not have been obtained in that musty garret; a smooth skin on the face, as though it had been coated with a mask of wax; little red, ferret eyes, behind wild hedges of brows, and flanked by *chevaux-de-frise* of crow's-feet; a vulgar nose, of unparticular shape, which almost turned itself inside out; and for teeth a double row of porcelain, which danced the fandango and played the castanets every time

the man opened his mouth; a false and crafty smile; rather modish clothes for an old man; a heavy gold watch-chain; a diamond shirt-stud; a silk handkerchief and a gold snuff-box in his hands, and a powerful odor of musk about his person—this was his portrait.

My inspection ended with a resolution to examine the condition of his office on the spot. I sent for two or three of my smartest clerks, and commenced turning over his archives. They were in such a state! No wonder the poor skipper could never find his registry-bond!

Enough. It was as I had suspected. The files-keeper was as arrant a humbug as e'er trod shoe-leather. His whole study had been to arrange the files so that he alone could decipher them; and even this arrangement was incomplete and mingled with much disorder. What could I do? Send him away, and leave the tonnage accounts without the only key that could unlock them? Impossible! The only thing I could do was to haul the old fellow over the coals, and set him to work, with a corps of assistants, to rearrange the files. By the time they had put him on the right path, he repented, owned up, and promised to do what was right if I would allow him to go on alone. This, with some misgivings, I promised to do, and I kept him on until he died.

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS.

VII.

LONG BRANCH.

IT was our fortune to quit, upon our departure for Long Branch, a region noted for its pastoral beauties and the variety of its natural charms. Nowhere else, in our journeying, had fields seemed more rich, or forests more grand, or methods of summer-living more quiet and delightful. It was one of those spots where an old-time gentry and a somewhat richer host from the cities had become intermingled at an early period, and had grown up together, building stone mansions, planting hedge-rows, protecting the venerable trees, and gathering about themselves and their homes a hundred stable evidences of wealth and sound taste. To live there was a perpetual pleasure. Surrounded by lofty, tree-clad hills, through whose dreamy valleys wound the few roads that led from the outer world, this sweet Arcadia, with its broad, rich plains, its alternate signs of an older fashion and a fresher grace, its gentle men and women, its artist-pleasures, was to Helena, as it was to Jack and to myself, an earthly paradise; and I can hardly say why it was that we separated ourselves from it.

The fortunes of traveling compelled us to take an unusual route to Long Branch, and it was not until ten o'clock at night that we entered its precincts.

It was very dark, and a strong southeast wind was blowing its salty blasts over the unshielded cliffs. Helena, sitting by the open window of the carriage, took the full

force of the breeze upon her face, and I fancied that she shrank a little before it.

Long Branch, as known to the world, consists of a continuous line of hotels and villas ranged for two miles and more along the western border of a broad avenue. They face the ocean, and present the appearance of having been driven back by a continuous stress of weather, and of yet preserving a brave front to the still encroaching sea. On the eastern side of the avenue is a wide parterre of grass, and from the edge of this falls a cliff some twenty feet. At the bottom of it is a rapidly-shelving beach, upon whose gray slopes the ocean rolls its breakers.

We rode down this avenue, nearly to its southern end, seeing upon the right hand a most wonderful spectacle, and upon the left a most sombre and impressive one.

The former consisted of brilliant light, and the latter of awful and mournful darkness.

All the hotels were ablaze with gas-flames. The burning rays from a thousand door-ways and ten thousand windows shot out into the foggy air, and cast an uncertain glow over all things that stood near by. As far as the eye could reach toward the south, this illumination extended, finally losing itself in the tenfold night.

The world on the right hand was alive with people, while the chaos on the left was lonely and uninhabited. By the light of the windows one could see innumerable forms crowding the apartments and the piazzas, and strolling upon the lawns.

From nearly every hotel there came the sounds of music, always gay and measured, and the myriad voices filled the air with an unending murmur. Nothing could exceed the gaiety of the scene, contrasted as it was with the coldness of the world that contained it.

At the same time that the bands played and the people danced, the breakers were falling upon the shore with dreadful violence, making the ground tremble, and emitting a tremendous thunder combined with a hissing surge. It was entertaining to watch the motions of Helena's head as her ears caught, now the blithe, high tones of the reeds and violins, and now the ominous roar of the sea. When she turned her face in one direction, she smiled, and involuntarily tossed her chin to the time of the music; but, when she turned it in the other, it became filled with a look of wonder and alarm. She tried to pierce the gloomy veil with her shaded eyes, but, baffled at the outset, she stared blankly into the misty obscurity, and listened to the ceaseless warring of the ocean with deep solemnity.

Descending at the door of the hotel was like appearing from the depths of some hell before the portals of a fairy-land. Behind us, all was howling, driving, windy, black; before us, all was gay, perfumed, and brilliant.

Helena glanced at her traveling-dress, and sighed. Here was a ball in full progress, and yet she was denied.

"Sleep, Helena," whispered Jack. "You have three nights' sleep yet to make up."

"Sleep, Jack?" echoed she, with a sub-

lime pathos in her reproachful eyes. "Sleep! I could waltz were I a thousand times asleep. The soul never sleeps. It is my soul that waltzes."

Her earthly portion, however, carried the night, and, after partaking frugally of toast and iced tea, it retired to its apartment, wondering what manner of scene would present itself from its windows by the light of the day that was to succeed.

Full of memories of the grateful land that she had left but a day before, it was hardly to be wondered at that, when Helena ventured forth on her first tour of exploration at Long Branch, her bubble of expectations received a mortal stab.

The morning was bright and sunlit. The wind-storm of the previous night had cleared away, leaving an atmosphere that was singularly transparent and reviving. No land could have had better and fairer conditions on inspection-day, and yet Helena, in spite of the elasticity and the happiness of temper induced by the superabundant oxygen, became grave, as, standing near the edge of the cliff, she turned and scanned the face of—shall I say?—the town.

We strolled on toward the south, taking a yellow-gravel path that led along the top of the cliff close to its edge.

On our left was an immense expanse of ocean, unbroken by islands, or by any land whatever. It came on in long, deliberate swells, and fell languidly but heavily upon the silvered beach. Far off upon the horizon, and no nearer, there sailed full twenty ships, bending toward the north, under the southern breeze, and following on, as if drawn by magnets. All that was to be seen on that side was grand and dignified. The sky was serene, the tones of the sea were deep, and the crash of the broken waters filled one with awe. A vast and sublime beauty was inextricably intermingled with a vast and sublime force, and, in the contemplation of the one, it was necessary to recognize and appreciate the other. Helena stood transfixed. Of late her views had been narrowed, and it affected her deeply to now gaze off beyond all limits, and at the same time to feel the ministrations of so much grandeur. She rose with the occasion, and, without uttering a word, she became royal.

This, however, was while her back was turned upon Long Branch. When she turned about again she became once more like one of us—grossly human.

She withdrew from the clouds to laugh at the two hundred bathers upon the shore. The party-colored nondescripts, holding convulsively by ropes attached securely to posts set in rows in the water at right angles with the beach, shrieked and scampered as the waves approached and broke over them. It probably occurred to Helena that at no time does man seem so petty as when he is dallying upon the edge of the ocean. It is then that his littleness and weakness most clearly appear, and, as he emerges, bent, chattering, and dripping, he so suggests a pure Nothing that I defy any one to supply a better example.

The troop of abjections, clad in ugly straw hats, adorned with tawdry colors, and in cloth-

ing that hung from them like bags, and bearing themselves like scared children, were scattered in groups in the breakers as far as the eye could reach, and they resembled an army of ants trying the taste of a new edible. Strolling upon the beach or standing rooted upon it was yet another throng, differing from the other in being dressed and on parade. In the rear of it was an interminable row of ugly, weather-beaten huts, all out of level and plumb—a ragged regiment of houses. Most of them were narrow, with pointed roofs, and with hearts and diamonds cut out of the sides for the sake of the light that would kindly pour therein. The roughness of all bathing-houses might well serve as a proverb; but, for a towering superiority of homeliness and inconvenience, commend to me the bathing-houses at Long Branch. Various good causes exist why bathing-houses may not be handsome, but what in the name of fitness demands that they be invariably objectionable to the eyes and ease of all men?

Upon the cliff where we walked was a large number of rough plank pavilions, painted in various colors. These contained seats, facing the sea, that at that hour were filled with a strange multitude.

It was strange inasmuch as it defied classification among multitudes that gather at other watering-places under similar circumstances.

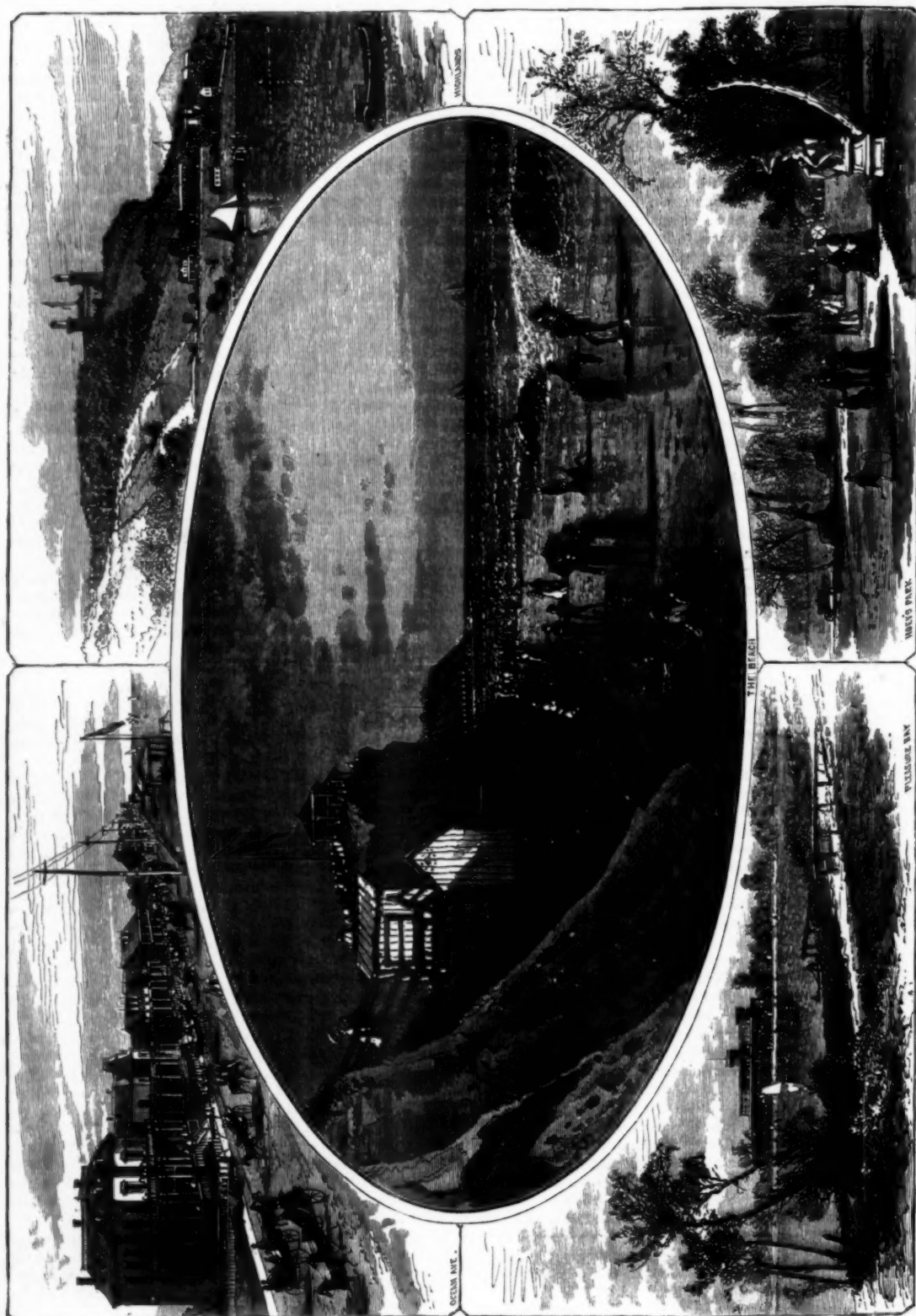
It was composed of nearly every ingredient that ever entered into the composition of a well-dressed mob, and it presented no characteristic except that of absolute incongruousness.

It was only necessary to bring to mind any class of people to discover its representatives within a stone's-throw. It was easy to detect them by the quality of their cigars, the outline of their features, the comparative obtrusiveness of their attire, the freedom of their tongues, the latitude of the grammatical idioms, and the eccentricity of their positions. The air was full of loud laughter, and there was a flaming newness to all the hats and gowns that dazzled the eyes, and made one think of a *modiste's* pattern-plate come to life.

Helena fell upon the children—of whom there were scores, in charge of *bonnes* in muslin caps—and examined them. Those that did not have bronzed boots, had boots of yellow kid, with striped stockings. Every particular child had starched skirts that stood out like skirts of zinc. If the dresses were not made of fine lawn they were made of silk, and in all cases there was a sash, and a bow behind, of brilliantly-colored ribbon ten inches broad. It would have moved a stone to have seen these hampered and peevish little beings walk about with unsoiled toy-shovels and rakes, jealously eying each other, and rigidly prevented, by a system of terrorism exercised by the nurses, from making the smallest hole in the ground, or entering into any jollity whatever.

When they did lift their young voices they did so in a consistent ill-temper, and the whole cliff was noisy with shrill wrangles, that arose at times over the tumult made by the sea.

The fathers and the mothers and the



LONG BRANCH.

friends of the families were just what a fair student of humanity might have calculated them to be—overdressed, ill-featured, and wholly superficial. There was not a thoughtful or gentle face from one end of the cliff to the other, though there were plenty that were happy and good-natured.

Taken for all in all, the collection of people was in most respects a sorry one. There was a desperate varnishing of bad manners and bad tempers with excessive dress and obtrusive behavior; and the disparity between the clear facts of the status of most of them and what they plainly desired facts should be, was lamentable in the extreme.

Behind this row of men and dames was a broad road-way, finely kept and well watered. Passing over it were two perpetual streams of showy vehicles going in opposite directions. The carriages were of the accepted shapes, the horses were not of extraordinary colors, neither were the people that rode any taller or any shorter, as a rule, than most people. Yet, there was that about the scene that excited one's antipathy. There was a certain excess, in all that went to make up the picture, that made one regard it as utterly unreal. For instance, the harnesses of the horses were far too brilliant with gold and silver mountings; the heads of the animals were checked back an inch or two farther than customary; the drivers wore an excessive number of gilt buttons upon their long coats; the maidens that rode lolled too much, and wore their jaunty hats far too jauntily, and, in endeavoring to smoothe their features with a polite and equable calmness, they overshot the mark, and unwittingly assumed looks of effrontery. The men that accompanied them, having less latitude in colors and manners than the other sex, were only to be distinguished from gentlemen by the cast of their features, and by an evident self-consciousness that marked their bearing. The wheels and the panels of the carriages were picked out in too glaring colors, and there was a chilly newness and freshness to all the fittings and belongings.

The whole procession struck one as being an exhibition. It was as much of a show as any carnival rant, and the frolickers of Mardi Gras, who would die of chagrin if not noticed by the rabble, have no lower object in their wild tantrums than do these promenaders *en voiture* at Long Branch.

And it is not only while they ride that this desire for fame is apparent. The hunger for notoriety disturbs them in all the various operations of time-killing that are carried on during the tedious days.

If they play croquet, they do it in plain sight of a thousand eyes, upon lawns that border upon the open street. If they walk, they do that with so much rustling and chatter that all passers-by within a dozen yards turn their heads to gaze; and if they but sit upon their piazzas, and a simpler form of amusement can hardly be thought of, they continue to so decorate themselves, and to so marshal their pet dogs and their servants, that their "home-scene" is to be instantly taken for what it is—a wretched and heartless travesty.

The places wherein the people dwell are entirely in accord with what they may be

supposed to require. They live either in cottages (the sea-side name for any structure, however large, that is not public) or in hotels (the sea-side name, again, for any place, however small, or rough, or unsightly, where one pays for entertainment).

The very great majority of the cottages are sights for Evil Ones. Built of wood upon flat expanses of sand, unshielded from the sun or the rain by the smallest tree or shrub, they lift their two gaudy stories and their madly eccentric roofs into the open air. For the purpose of satisfying the æsthetic requirements of the age, they are surrounded, in most cases, with wide piazzas, and ornamented with the very silliest productions of the jig-saw. These embellishments, consisting of scrolls, lattices, trellises, and cornices, worked out of inch-board, are nailed upon every sign of disadvantage; and, where it is possible, they are fastened upon the rooftops, and so show their foolish ugliness in relief against what must be a reprehending sky.

Were it not for the jig-saw (or is it the fret-saw?), Long Branch would be wholly without a Long Branch grace. This simple instrument has furnished the frequenters of these barren sands with nearly the only æsthetic emotions that they have felt while here; and, were the products of its labors suddenly broken off and unglued, and so destroyed, the eyes of the form-worshippers would have no place whereon to rest their weary gaze. Every balcony fairly drips with wooden lace-work, and all the eaves are alive with soft-pine waves and ripples. The pillars of the piazzas are adorned with knobs and twists, and there are few ridge-poles that do not terminate in flourishing spirals that point to heaven.

It is puzzling, too, to endeavor to discover by what rule or law the cottagers apply paint to their abodes. It is certain that no man has the smallest regard for the color which adorns his neighbor's castle, and still more certain it is that it has never entered anybody's head that there may be hues in the sky, and in the earth, and in the distant backgrounds, that should be considered when contrasts are intended. The result of this negligence or ignorance is woful to the last degree. You see green houses, yellow houses, blue houses, reddish houses, and party-colored houses, placed together cheek by jowl, founded upon a gamboge earth, and backed by a line of sunburnt trees, a mile away.

There are a few cottages in the southern part of the settlement that support their characters as summer-houses in an agreeable and dignified way; and, despite the barrenness of their surroundings, they enable the beholder to feel a little pleasure and satisfaction. But, taken as a whole, more soulless and utterly unhomelike buildings than Long Branch cottages cannot be found—barring, of course, the Long Branch hotels. To write aptly of these, one requires for ink the blood of an unducked scold, and for a pen a quill from the wing of a screech-owl.

There is an excess of displeasure and fretfulness, however, which, when arrived at, rarely finds terms adequate to its expression. When this happens, the patient's temper flies back to the other pole, and, dropping his

arms and unknitting his brows, he becomes frightfully placid and gracious.

It is in this mood that the writer recalls the Long Branch hotels. He simply says that, when you first see them in all their barrenness and ungainliness, you either laugh or weep, and that it is not until you dwell among their occupants for a week or more that you begin to comprehend the sentiment that "the human world is a cinder." Let us enumerate the quantities that enter into the hotel-life here, and then wonder, if we can, that no good man and true ever desires to experience it a second season: first, barracks to live in; second, ostentation to look at; third, nonsense to listen to; fourth, coarseness, if not villainy, to consort with; fifth, polite extortion to fight against (and a hand-to-hand fight it is); and, sixth, a dusty fag-end of Nature to fall back upon and commune with.

One cannot but admit that the final objection may be proved invalid, for even the white sand-heaps of Long Branch have a strange and entrancing beauty. Were they left to themselves, and were one to happen upon them while in their primal conditions, there is no manner of doubt that they would yield a grateful satisfaction to the dullest eye; but, while they are surmounted by tawdry huts, and fretted with ugly fences, and cut up into trumpery lots for speculative sale, they afford but little balm for even the most reflective and romantic spirit.

Helena wandered over Long Branch as the spirit of a Pompeian woman might now wander through the deserted and ash-strewn streets of her earthly dwelling-place. She saw nothing but desolation on every hand. To her the people were any thing but people; the customs were not the customs that she knew; and the more gentle side of her nature remained wholly unmoved.

We tried to gain a little satisfaction by wandering out into the country in the rear of the town, but even there the prospect was wretched. The dwelling-houses were of a poor sort, and were occupied by poor people; and there was little to be seen besides the sand and the red dust and the drooping sumachs. Now and then we came upon a dreary villa, forlorn in the heat and the eternal flatness; and now and then upon a makeshift garden, whose verdure resembled the mock foliage of a deserted camp—hewn trees stuck in the earth, and rootless vines trailing their brown and shriveled lengths over sapless branches.

We were back at the town in time for the regular Saturday ball, and we watched the arrival of a thousand dancing-men, with satchels, that came down from New York to pass the Sabbath—mad vacations that began with waltzing and ended with headaches.

And what a rout it was! The beings that flocked to the famous Butterfly's Ball of school-book lore were not more incongruous than those that presented themselves at this Long Branch gayety. Helena, being brave and venturesome, entered into it, but by degrees, very much as a timid bather ventures into the waters of early spring, with now a step, and now a pause, and now a shudder and a gasp.

It was very light and very warm, and the

immense hall was filled with people. The women were magnificently arrayed, and they blazed with diamonds. The gentlemen were innumerable, and they, too, bore as many embellishments, in gold chains and precious stones, as the most generous latitudinarian would permit; and most of them were bent upon rollicking, or, as they say in the country, upon "carrying on." Never was there a bail from which the natural coldness consequent upon the complete ignorance of every person of his or her neighbor, so quickly vanished. After the first Lanciers, there suddenly flamed up a spontaneous madness, and the over-bedecked people fell to dancing and laughing with the utmost freedom. Of personal beauty there was plenty, but it was almost invariably vitiated by traces of ill-temper and mock graciousness. Whatever ceremony was used was far too obtrusive; the dancing-steps were altogether too elaborate; the bows and salutes just escaped the ridiculous by a hair's-breadth; and ease and sociability sank visibly into buffoonery and roughness.

It is fair to say that every grade of people below the grade of the best and above the grade of the worst was there represented; and, in the search for some true grace and dignity, one met with constant disappointment. The throng, like the cottages and the hotels, was of naught but board and plaster.

Jack beguiled the adventure-loving Helena out of the hall, and then bore her off by the force of his eye. Once out of the thrall of the vigorous quadrille-band, she recovered herself, and sat down at her "Record of my Sensations," and wrote the following:

"Long Branch has no charm whatever, except for those who do not care for charms. Its beach is dangerous, it has no fine natural effects, it offers no opportunities for repose, and it furnishes no resources for those that wish for better things than common life affords. One flies thither only to find an over-dressed, ill-conducted multitude, living in huge caravansaries built upon a scorching plain. It is not a refuge or a retreat, but simply a spot for idlers—a spot where all the newly rich and freshly ambitious may meet their kind, and be safe from humiliations. I hate—it is striking twelve by somebody's clock in the next cell. I am tired, and can say no more. I suppose all that I have written shows a bad temper; I may tear the leaf out in the morning—I cannot tell. The sea is rising, and the ground trembles. Magnificent ocean! Infamous people!"

ALBERT F. WERSTER.

BELL'S TAVERN;

A REMINISCENCE OF ANTE-BELLUM DAYS IN KENTUCKY.

WHO that visited the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky before "the cruel war," does not remember the rural, vine-covered inn, "Bell's Tavern," where travelers and tourists sojourned for an hour, a day, or days, perhaps, for rest and refreshment previous to the brief coach-journey to the underground wonder, where each little torch, borne through

the darkness, reveals more splendors than ever did Aladdin's lamp?

The year before the firing at Sumter (who could foresee the lowering storm-clouds of the future?), I passed a season at this tavern—three summer months, about which "the scent of the roses" will ever linger. Here I met many of the brave and beautiful, the fair and gifted, from Maine to Florida—from abroad. From this quiet little inn there went out into the world of fashion and ton one of its leaders, Mrs. Senator Gwynn, of California.

Here Sallie Ward Hunt, the belle, *par excellence*, of the Southwest, gathered roses, and made radiant with her beauty the simple little parlor of the tavern.

Here I met General Leslie Coombs, the one living man whom I know who has actually found the elixir of youth. Hair black as a raven, and no dye; white teeth, with no dentist's bill behind them! He was, and is even now, at an advanced age, the most youthful, vigorous, and charming of men.

Hither, one sultry July day, came Lovell H. Rousseau, handsome, gallant, and genial; he who so soon after won his double golden stars amid "shot and shell," as the hero of Perryville.

In this delightful retreat I met Tom Marshall, the eloquent (of whom so charming a paper was written in a late number of the *Galaxy*). He was affable, almost boyish, amid the roses and strawberries, and brilliant after his "peach-and-honey."

A propos of peach-and-honey: The bees dallied with the roses and lilies in the garden, and honey, "with a flavor so sweet one could scarce distinguish it from an odor," was created. In the old-fashioned orchard the peaches grew, and blushed, and were gathered. Down in a mysterious cellar they were placed, and prepared by skillful hands, and lay there for years in darkness. Then, lo and behold! there came up nectar fit for the gods; a delicious, amber-colored liquid, not yet perfect until the golden honey was added.

And this was peach-and-honey!

Charles Dickens wrote his name on the register of Bell's Tavern, acknowledged his peach-and-honey very good (this in a marginal note), went over to the Mammoth Cave, and returned for another glass.

I came to "mine inn" in this wise: A little dove-eyed invalid called me "mother." The physician ordered me to leave the city for fresh air, cream, new-laid eggs—in short, for all we may expect in Arcadia—and I found them. My family party, including myself, was my baby-girl; Lucy, a brown-colored maid; and an immense doll, in gorgeous array, christened by some godmother as "Pee-wee." When we sallied forth, Pee-wee was always a member of the party. We lived *à fresco*. We were out in the sunshine morning and noon; and, in the sweet twilight hours, we lingered under the trellised arbors until the dews grew too heavy.

Native celebrities, of course, had Bell's Tavern. First, there was Uncle Jim, the colored centenarian, who had received a "quarter" from Washington, and held Jefferson's horse once upon a time. He had grown crescent-shaped, walked with a huge cane, but

was active, bright, and always honored by the guests. His reminiscences, if a little tedious, were listened to with interest, and many a piece of silver was slipped into his hand. He had one accomplishment that was the delight of the little folks. He could imitate the chirping of a squirrel in a marvelous manner. He rather prided himself on this gift, which, I imagine, he considered special. He had also the gift of "second sight."

Next in interest came "Shad." Now, Shad was not a piscatorial delicacy by any means. She was the blackest little girl, with the whitest teeth, I ever saw. I made her acquaintance in this manner:

One June morning, soon after our arrival, we strolled into the strawberry-beds. How aromatic and delicious they were, redolent of all summer fragrance and sweetness! As we walked down, I heard a sweet child-voice singing a quaint plantation melody; and nestled among the strawberry-vines, with a basket almost filled with berries, was a little black girl about ten years old. She was not at all disconcerted at seeing us, but stopped her singing, and exclaimed, "What a pretty little white gal, and what a doll!" I asked her her name. She said, "Shad." The strawberries were tendered the "little white gal;" the doll was placed in Shad's hands for temporary nursing, and a friendship cemented.

From this time until we parted, Shad's devotion to me and mine was marvelous. It was like that of a faithful, loving dog. She followed me everywhere—such an affectionate heart under the dark breast!

This summer I had a "hobby," as most idle women have. It was geology. I had only a meagre school ignorance of the subject, but I rushed in practically. This portion of Kentucky abounds in peculiar geological specimens, not only in the caves, but outside, above-ground. And there is scarcely a farmer who has not a cave in which to keep cool his milk and butter. Such jaunts as I had, such specimens collected! I lived out-of-doors, and grew of a nut-brown tint, to the horror of my city friends, who dropped in now and then. In all of my excursions Shad accompanied me, in her little bare feet and uncovered head. I had a sun-bonnet made for her, but her rueful face under it excited my pity. Shad, however, removed any difficulty by speedily filling it with *specimens*, as she had caught the word, and enjoyed using it. She was a perfect little mimic, and an absolute genius. Sometimes, in these rural wanderings, I would be accompanied by an elderly *savant*. Shad, an eager listener to our conversation, or rather to his disquisitions, would make the most ludicrous use afterward of her recollections. In time, my little rooms became a perfect "curiosity-shop" of shells, pebbles, mosses, ferns, and all kinds of stones, to the disgust of my tidy chamber-maid. When other duties or pleasures kept me in-doors, Shad made a point of collecting for me; and such things, considering me omnivorous in my tastes! One evening, as I sat on the piazza, talking to a nervous old lady, my little Topsy walked up, and placed in my hand a carefully-folded paper, looking herself very exultant. "Specimen," she said. I opened the paper, and there was a live bat, glad enough to be

emancipated. Now, I have a terror of bats (always thinking of a vampire); but when the old lady shrieked, and Shad looked so disconcerted, I controlled my nerves. By-the-way, bats do greatly abound in this section, and in the caves they are purely white.

At nine o'clock in the morning the trains loitered an hour for breakfast (and such a breakfast—roses and strawberries, with cream, broiled chicken, fresh eggs, etc.!). The Louisville and Nashville trains met, and there was always a pleasurable excitement, for one familiar face at least beamed on us daily.

This was the summer preceding the presidential election that made Mr. Lincoln chief magistrate. There was a vast deal of feeling in Kentucky, and my sympathies were strong.

One dewy, ambrosial morning, with my little "Duchess of Wonderland" and her nurse, I seated myself in the coolest arbor of the beautiful old garden. Roses, and honeysuckles, and the clematis, shielded us from the morning sun, and the morning dew and freshness were as incense from heaven. My little girl lay on a rustic seat, and was fed, in Sybarite style, with strawberries. Idly I read some dreamy volume. I heard footsteps, and before me stood a handsome, courtly old gentleman—no, not old in appearance. He raised his hat and blandly said:

"Do you think I could have a few roses? or would it be petty larceny?"

My answer was:

"I have *carte blanche* here, and will gather you roses and violets too."

This pleasant, genial gentleman took my little girl in his arms, and was evidently touched by her fragile beauty. We talked of many things, and drifted into the presidential campaign.

"How are your sympathies?" asked this charming gentleman.

My enthusiasm in regard to John C. Breckenridge was very intense, and I so expressed myself at length.

"What do you think of Douglas?" he said.

My reply was to the effect that, knowing Mr. Douglas personally, I admired and honored him, but Mr. Breckenridge was the one man whom I should like to see President.

The next question was:

"What do you think of Bell?"

My answer was in the exhaustive, emphatic manner of half-informed young women. The burden of my sentiments was this:

"Mr. Bell is the exponent of political principles in which I have no faith, and I consider him personally an unscrupulous man," etc.

A curious smile played around the mouth of my auditor. Footsteps approached. A venerable clergyman of note and merit stood before us. He looked surprised at seeing my companion, and said:

"I was not aware that you knew Mr. Bell." And this was Mr. Bell!

For a moment I was disconcerted, but Mr. B.—'s hearty, contagious laugh met its response, and how we did laugh, to be sure! He bade me good-by, saying:

"If I am elected President, I shall certainly give you an office, for you are a very brave champion."

So we parted, and never met again. It strikes me curiously now how utterly we ignored, in our conversation, the possibility of Mr. Lincoln's election. I think there was no electoral Lincoln ticket in Kentucky—I may be mistaken.

One lovely summer Saturday I had a telegram from our poet-editor—the late George D. Prentice—that he would arrive on the evening train. I communicated the intelligence to my charming hostess and her hospitable husband. Then began our preparations to give a fitting reception to our honored guest. A cool little chamber, white-curtained and draped, was all wreathed in flowers—bouquets on chimney-piece and dressing-stand, wreaths on the mirror, and a huge flower-pot in the fireplace, where wood was burnt during the winter days. A very charming nook we made for our beloved editor.

Far and near, as the farmers came in for the daily "mail," the news spread that Prentice was coming, and everybody who had taken the *Journal* for years felt it incumbent on him to contribute his share in doing honor to the expected guest. At 9 P. M., with a shriek and a whistle, the train came thundering up. On the platform the country-people loitered for a glimpse of the editor whose "pen was mightier than the sword" (for these election-times were full of excitement, prescient, too, of tragedy and bloodshed, and in these days the *Louisville Journal* wielded a wondrous influence). Always reticent, averse to being lionized, Prentice made his way swiftly to the little parlor, where we met him. Thence he was conducted, by the delighted colored waiter, to his chamber, to remove the dust of an August day's travel. Here, on a white-covered table, awaited him a goblet of peach-and-honey, crowned with luscious red strawberries, quite enough to tempt the gods. A hasty toilet, and Prentice was ready for supper. A supper at Bell's Tavern—it was a theme fit for poetry, and our poet did justice to it, practically at first, poetically afterward. Broiled chicken, of the right crisp brown; coffee, strong and dark, made golden with delicious cream from cows that fed on clover, new-mown hay, and all things fresh and nice; then there were waffles that only a Southern negro can make; rice-cakes, and all those hot, delicious dishes that people persist in calling "indigestible." Prentice, if not a *gourmand*, was certainly an epicure, and how he did enjoy that supper! We were a quartet party, at a little round table, snowy white in its covering. A vase of roses, and lilies, and crab-apple blossoms (the most dainty and delicious of perfumes), lent their fragrance, and wax-candles shed their softened light. Prentice was brilliant, and after we adjourned to the parlor he wrote an impromptu (I have it yet) as exquisite as any of his printed verses. I don't generally believe in impromptus so called. They often come after sleepless nights and hard-working brains, but this was as fresh and sparkling as a glass of champagne. Before we separated for the night, the next day's programme was arranged. We were slightly Sabbatharian, so there could be no excursions for the morrow—Sunday—but our guest must be presented to the lions of the place—Uncle

Jim and Shad. The day, first of all, was to be inaugurated by a morning walk while the dew sparkled on every flower and blade of grass. We were up and out-of-doors with the matinal singing of the earliest birds, and, as "the early bird catches the worm," so we had our recompense. Such a morning—such a walk! Dewy freshness on every leaf and blossom; the air redolent of a thousand perfumes; the fragrance ascending like incense to the sky; and such a sky! Aurora from the east, all gold and red, and not far off the deep, cloudless azure whispering of the meridian heat to come! A perfect day, bringing health, exhilaration, and vitality, to say nothing of appetite for a delicious breakfast! These meals at Bell's Tavern were "miracles" that did "repeat" themselves. After breakfast, seated on the veranda, we summoned Uncle Jim. He came, gorgeous in a huge scarlet cravat, that was always the chief ornament of his state-dress. In due form he was presented, and, removing his hat—for Uncle Jim was a true Virginia gentleman—he acknowledged the introduction in this manner:

"God bless you, massa! I hears you print a newspaper. You must be a great man."

"Not so great as you," answered Mr. Prentice, "for you have seen Washington and Jefferson, and I have not. Tell us about it."

Uncle Jim was in his element, and, with a wave of his hand, seated himself on the steps of the piazza and began his legends—a little garrulous, perhaps, but not a bore by any means. After his reminiscences, he closed with the squirrel-chirping for the delectation of the little one, and when he gracefully retired, with a silver half-dollar in his palm, he evidently felt that he had acquitted himself with honor. Shad was now solicited to grant an interview. She had been earlier notified that her presence would be desired, and her toilet was something marvelous. She had on a clean, flax-linen dress, that the little slaves were wont to wear. Her head was crowned with a gay-colored turban, borrowed from her "mammy." One day, in arranging "things," I had given her a pair of half-soiled, pink-satin slippers that struck her fancy. From these peeped out now the little black feet, for Shad repudiated stockings.

Around her waist was a girle of corn-colored ribbon that some visitor had given her. In her hand she carried an immense bouquet of poppies, which seemed her favorite flower. I can see the tiny figure now, in its grotesque grace! With the gravest air she approached Prentice, made a courtesy, and presented him with the nosegay, making a little set speech, that I had amused myself in teaching her. Then, seeming quite relieved of the regulation duty, she exclaimed, "Mr. Prentice, your pig's all done and put away." My visitor looked quite curious in regard to his porcine friend. The truth is, that the delightful hostess, in arranging a bill-of-fare, had decided that a pretty little roast pig (ah! shade of "Ella," you knew what a *bonne bouche* it is!), would make a pleasing central figure for the Sunday dinner. Shad having watched its preparation, and

knowing in whose honor it was done, felt enchanted at giving "the earliest information."

The Sunday passed in sweet serenity that was not monotony. With the perfume of flowers, the singing of birds, "heart affluence in discursive talk," could there be monotony? Monday's sun rose gloriously. A delightful little party had been arranged for the Diamond Cave. You don't know this *bijou* of a cave perhaps, but you should. Scarce a mile in extent, but glittering with gems, radiant with beauties, brilliant in wonders—well you might call it a mile of fairy-land. Beautiful bit of poetry, magical mile of romance, you still exist, while my tavern is gone! A short drive, and not a long walk, from the inn, our merry party went, some in carriages, others strolling through the ambrosial forest. Now, that was "a day to be marked with a white pebble." We took flowers, we decorated shrines; we christened chambers and bowers with names we loved; we wove fancies, and were altogether a dreamy, lotus-eating party. We came back, however, to delicious, real life, when the aroma of the dinner greeted us on our return.

I need not dwell on the next day's excursion, nor the two days' lingering at the Mammoth Cave, where, between sublimity and awe and fatigue, one is almost overpowered. Prentice left us. When next I saw him, he was heart-stricken, mourning the loss of a gallant young son, who fought under a flag of scarlet and white, and so gave his life.

The next visitor who came to us, whose memory I cherish, was John J. Crittenden, the statesman beloved in life, revered in death.

How these reminiscences sadden me! How many, who brightened and briefed for me that eventful summer, have "gone before!" "Ah! for the woful change 'twixt now and then!" Crittenden and Bell, Rousseau and Prentice, sleep in their respective family burying-grounds. Others fell on the battlefield, bravely fighting. Some lay dead in the gray-and-gold—some in the blue uniform; wherever they are, may their graves be covered with perennial flowers!

Years after, I went back to the old place. Bell's Tavern lay in ruins, the victim of a destructive fire. I wandered into the garden. The tangled roses bloomed in fragrance and beauty. The strawberries grew at their own sweet will, but a spirit of desolation reigned. Down in the orchard the apple-trees were pink-and-white with bloom. Under the spreading boughs of one, Uncle Jim lay sleeping peacefully. By his side a tiny mound covered the dead body of Shad. The little tireless feet were at rest forever. I was not ashamed of the tears that fell on the flower-petals covering these graves.

A new Bell's Tavern has arisen from the ashes—but it is not my tavern, with its memories bright and now sacred.

To-day, my baby-girl of that summer stands in sweet maidenhood, "where the brook and river meet." And I—my heart is buried in a far-off grave, o'ergrown with myrtle, violets, and jasmine. With Tiny Tim I say, "God bless us all!"

RHODA HITE KING.

"BELLE NORMANDIE."

JUST beyond the moiling city,
Where the meadow-lands are low,
And the fields, with wild-flowers dappled,
Sloping toward the marshes go,
'Mid the tufts of purple clover
Rang a strange old melody,
This refrain recurring ever—
"Normandie, belle Normandie."

Touching were the fancies rural
Of that olden peasant-song,
Tremulous its cadence rippled
Waving weeds and flowers among,
And the strain that stirred the meadow
Floated from a choir of three
Kneeling in the elm-tree's shadow—
"Normandie, belle Normandie."

One a grandam, old and yellow,
Gray and wrinkled, weirdly sear;
Two within their teens yet blooming,
Rosebuds of the early year:
Digging meadow-leaves for salad
With their knives, beneath the tree
Knelt the three, and sang the ballad—
"Normandie, belle Normandie."

To inquiring words responsive,
"Ah! monsieur," the old dame said,
"Thirty summer-times had faded,
Thirty winters blanched my head,
Since I last the song had chanted
Which we sang in my country,
Though my heart it aye had haunted—
"Normandie, belle Normandie."

"Lately gleamed old memories o'er me
When from France these children came,
Orphans of my only daughter,
Their grandmother's care to claim;
And the song, that long had slumbered
In the past, came back to me
As they sang, in accents numbered—
"Normandie, belle Normandie."

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

A GREEK JEST-BOOK.

PROF. ALFRED EBERHARD, of Berlin, has made a collection of ancient Greek *facetiae*—a kind of jest-book of old stories, "bulls," and practical jokes, from the Greek authors. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* gives a sketch of the contents of the volume, and from this we take the following entertaining passages, quite warranting the author's remark—"For rich and rare development of downright, inconsequent, unreasoning absurdity of folly, commend us to the Greek fool!"

"Not a few of the absurdities of which the Greek simpleton is guilty will be found to arise from imperfect definition of terms. Ambiguity is induced by his taking in one sense what was said in another, or by his refusal to accept a plain statement, under the tempting encouragement of a verbal fallacy which occurs to him. An example of the former is to be found in the capital story about a water-proof cape, which the Greeks called 'birrus.' 'A man said to a fool, 'Lend me a cape just a field's-length.' 'I

can lend you one," he replied, "reaching as far as the ankle; but I haven't one a field's-length." It is obvious that the one understood the word 'length' as relating to feet and inches, the other as having reference to time measurement. The other case may be illustrated by a story of a foolish traveler given by Hierocles, whose equipage came to a stand-still because the mules were too tired to go farther. Upon the driver's unloosing them for a little rest, on finding themselves freed from the yoke, they took to running away. 'Knave,' said Scholasticus to the driver, 'don't you see that the mules are running? It's the vehicle which is in fault, and too tired to run' ('Philogelos,' Nos. 99, 100). Not very unlike this story, in the ambiguity arising from two aspects of the same object being contemplated by the interlocutors, is that of the Abderite who was going to sell a pitcher that was bereft of its ears. When asked why he had removed these, he replied, 'In order that the pitcher may not run away when it hears that it has been sold.'

"It would seem from the annals of Scholasticus that the contemplation of twins was a very frequent trap to catch and bewray fools. On one occasion, happening to be in company with persons who were remarking the wonderful likeness between two twin brothers, the worthy whose remarks we are chronicling delivered himself of the observation: 'This one's not so exactly like that as that one's like this.' But such profundity and show of subtlety does not seem to have characterized our friend in his actual intercourse with twins, for we read in Hierocles a joke about him which repeats itself in many languages: 'One of twin brothers died; a fool, meeting the survivor, accosted him thus: "Was it you that died, or your brother?"' The question recalls at once a similar one addressed, says gossip, by a certain lord-mayor of blundering notoriety, to a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice: 'Did it prove fatal,' he inquired, 'the first time or the second?' As to twins, a little ambiguity of speech is not necessarily proof positive of folly. Not very long since we read in a letter of some twins who, when they were babies, were always getting mixed; but one of them was drowned early in life, and the survivor used to say, 'Nobody could ever tell whether it was me or my brother.' 'I always knew,' was the naive conclusion of the account given by one of those interesting individuals, 'what a source of constant confusion he and his twin brother were to the nurses, housemaids, and school-masters.'

"Another and wider field, as might be reasonably expected, for the display of our hero's talent, or want of it, may be designated that of *mal d' propos*. In perfect good faith and honest gravity the simpleton utters sentences meant for compliments; though, if taken in their natural interpretation, they might convey an ill-wish or a direct affront. Some of these speeches have their modern counterpart, and are not confined to the annals of the Greek Tomfool. The duchess, for example, who in the innocence of her heart told George II. 'how much she should like to see a coronation,' may not have passed in her day for an absolute simpleton, especially if she was pretty; and yet, there was little to choose between her wisdom and that of Scholasticus, who, when his father-in-law, meeting him on his return from foreign travel, inquired after his fellow-traveler, replied, 'Thank you, he's very well, and in capital spirits, for he's buried his wife's father.' There is no reason to doubt that such an answer may have been made, for we are cognizant of a well-attested incident of a call upon newly-wedded folks, in the course of which one of the visitors, going through the compliments and formalities of the customary cake and wine, lifted his glass toward the bridegroom

and said that he hoped he should often have to wish him health and happiness on a similar occasion. This very reply, in truth, is the substance of the seventy-second of the *facetiae* of Hierocles in Eberhard's collection, where the unconscious joker 'hopes often to celebrate the same feast, and always as prosperously.' In some examples of this kind of silly speech, the *mal à propos* is broadened into an unintentional disregard of filial piety—as, for instance, when our fool, when his aged father was in *extremis*, invited his friends to attend on the morrow with garlands, as for his funeral. On the morrow the friends arrived, and, finding the old man not dead, but somewhat better, were naturally vexed at having come on a fool's errand. But their bidder's politeness—the offspring of conceit and foolishness—was equal to the occasion. 'I, too,' he said, 'am ashamed at your waste of time, and love's labor lost; but bring the garlands to-morrow, and we'll bury him, be he how he may.' It was a parity of reasoning, or of unreason, which was manifested by the Abderite's son in the same collection (No. 123), who, having burnt his deceased father, as the law directed, ran into the house, where his mother lay sick, and said to her, 'There's still a little wood over; if you're agreeable, and it's feasible, come and be burnt with the same fuel.' He lost sight of his filial piety in a one-sided grasp of the idea of 'making one job of it.' So, indeed, it is in many of these exhibitions; the dominant idea crushes every other out of the narrow upper story of the numskull. Scholasticus, we are told elsewhere, was writing to his father from Athens, and pluming himself on his progress in rhetoric and elocution, to acquire which he had been sent thither. He added this paragraph: 'And I pray, sir, that, on returning home, I may find you a defendant on a capital charge, that I may air my oratory in your defense.' This is worthy of the Irish horse-stealer, who, when O'Connell had obtained his acquittal, exclaimed, in the exuberance of his gratitude, 'Och, counsel-or! I've no way here to thank your honor; but I wish't I saw you knocked down in my own parish—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue?' It ought to be known, however, that, on occasions, the Greek fool was the father, and not the son, and that his *mal à propos* was as unparental as the other's was unfilial. A fool's son, on being sent to the wars, bragged that he would come back with the head of one of the enemy. 'Good!' said the old simpleton; 'but, even if I see you come home without a head, I shall be thankful and delighted.' But, to judge from these *facetiae*, a twist or a narrowness in the brain is apt to provoke the oddest *contre-temps* and recriminations between son and sire. In one case, a grown-up son, being twitted by his father with having a child to maintain, and advised to kill it, because the expense fell practically on the old *paterfamilias*, afforded a fine illustration of the 'tit-for-tat' in a fool's mouth, when he retorted, 'Just you kill your own children, and then advise me to destroy my little one!' Another, having an altercation with his father, said to him, to crown all, 'Base varlet! don't you see how you have wronged me?—for if you hadn't been born, and stood in the way, I should have come into my grandfather's money.' We are reminded of the Irish clergyman who, noticing among the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood Palace one of youthful appearance, while his son was depicted as old, and as having a venerable beard, exclaimed, in wonderment, '*Sancta Maria!* is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?'

"In the sayings and doings of some of Hierocles's clients, it comes out that father and son are equally qualified for a degree in dafness. Witness the following instance:

'A fool's son was playing at ball. The ball fell into a well. Young Hopeful bent over it, saw his own shadow, and demanded the ball of it. When no answer was made, he complained to his father that the ball was not given back. Thereupon the father stooped down, and, addressing his shadow, expostulated: "Come, master, you give my son his ball back?"' (No. 33). We have no index, however, of the state of the Cummean father's intellect whose daft son, being condemned to death in his father's absence, besought all the lookers-on, on the way to execution, not to tell his father, for he would certainly beat him to death if he heard of it. 'Teach him to know better next time, sir; teach him to know better next time,' was the moral reflection, in our hearing, of a half-witted old man, when told of the hanging of a certain murderer. In none of the Greek *facetiae* that we have met do we find any case of fraternal affection so puzzle-headed as that developed by the Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy-fifth Regiment in order to be near his brother in the Seventy-sixth.

"A grand commonplace of the fool in his folly is the category of 'sleep and dreams.' The head that can barely carry one idea at a time is incapable of distinguishing waking sights and thoughts from those of sleep. Thus a man met a fool, as we read in Hierocles, and said to him, 'Sir blockhead, I saw and spoke to you in my sleep!' 'A thousand pardons,' was his reply; 'I was so busy I didn't hear you.' In like manner, some one said to another simpleton, 'Demeas, I saw you here, three days back, in my dreams.' 'You lie!' he replied; 'I was in the country.' His brain seems to ignore the distinctions of waking and sleeping, whether it be to gainsay and confute another, or to make the best of a bad bargain, as in the following instance of an Abderite: This worthy dreamed he was selling a sucking-pig, for which he asked a hundred pence. Some one bid him fifty; he stoutly refused, and, in his energy, woke up. As pig and money were alike denied to his waking sight, he speedily closed his eyes again, and, extending his palm, said to the dreamland bidder, 'Well, well, let's have the fifty!' A very odd story is told in the fifty-sixth joke of the collections before us, of greater length than these jests commonly are, and looking more like a cutting from fable-lore, such as M. Minas might have introduced into them by mistake. We cite it in this place because sleep has its part in it, and the fool's confusion and blundering are connected with it, though not so directly as in the above instances: 'Scholasticus, a bald-pate, and a barber, were traveling together. Halting in a desert they agreed each to keep awake for four hours, and to watch the baggage in turn. It fell to the barber's lot to watch first, and he, being a wag, played the foolish fellow the trick of shaving his head before waking him at the end of his watch. Aroused from his snooze, the fool began to rub his head, and, finding that it was bald, said to himself, "This barber's a poor good-for-naught, for, by mistake, he has awakened the bald-pate instead of me."'

CONCERNING GILDED YOUTH.

I was dining the other evening with my friend Mr. Augustus Fitzdawdle, who holds the very desirable and remunerative office of Permanent Secretary in the Transpontine Commerce Department. The post was conferred upon him by his cousin, the Earl of Noodleton, who at that time happened to be a member of her majesty's government, chiefly, I believe, because the only sea that Fitzdawdle had ever crossed was the channel that separates Dover from Calais, and had probably, up to the moment of his promotion,

never bestowed a single consideration in his life on the various mercantile products of the different quarters of the globe. Two thousand per annum, paid quarterly, is no unsatisfactory acknowledgment of the arduous effort involved in the labor of signing about twenty letters a day, and in the desultory perusal of not quite so many folio sheets of official documents. However, it may be questioned whether as much of tact and ability is not necessary successfully to preserve an appearance of being overwhelmed with public business, under such circumstances as these, as would be required actually to discharge the duties, were they only forthcoming. Fitzdawdle accomplishes the former rôle to a wonder. He does nothing, and he does it in a very dignified, impressive, and gentlemanlike manner. He makes a great parade about appointments, consults his pocket-book first and his watch—why the latter, it is impossible to divine—if you ask him at what hour it would be convenient for him to see you the day after to-morrow; and finally informs you that he believes he can manage 3.15 p. m., only that it is of vital importance you should be punctual to the moment. Fitzdawdle is not married. He is "located," as our transatlantic cousins have it, in an extremely eligible suite of apartments in Victoria Street, where he gratifies his hospitable instinct by giving a succession of pleasing little dinners during the London season. I had conducted, on the particular occasion of which I speak, into the dining-room, a garrulous young lady of the period, who monopolized my undivided attention during the meal. A young gentleman was seated on my left, whose face, from the side-glance which I obtained of it, seemed sufficiently familiar, and who, it was easy to tell from the most superficial scrutiny, belonged to that order of social exquisites known to "our lively neighbor the Gaul" as the *jeuneuse dorée*. With a sigh of supreme satisfaction I rose from my chair, and bowed my head with an air of respectful resignation as the ladies sailed out of the dining-room, and the loquacious coquette, whose cavalier I had been, playfully shook her fan at me, and murmured pleasantly, "Au revoir." When this little ceremony was over, I resumed my seat, and sipped a glass of Fitzdawdle's '64 Lafitte in appreciative silence.

The ice was broken by the young gentleman on my left asking me to pass the olives—a delicate attention on my part, which gave him the opportunity of treating me to a little dissertation on the different edible accompaniments that may with advantage be used for bringing out the true flavor of the juice of the grape. The discrimination and experience which the youthful Lucullus displayed at once commanded my respect.

"Tell you what," he went on, "there's a place about a mile from Florence, where an herb, or something of that sort, grows—I forget its name—which really beats olives hollow—that is, with claret; but don't try it with burgundy."

At this point of the conversation my neighbor looked me full in the face, and we at once recognized each other. I had not seen him for ten years, and then he had returned home for his first Eton holidays. I do not know that I can do better than introduce the few observations which I have to make concerning our gilded youth with a brief sketch of this nineteenth-century Narcissus. He was an agreeable-looking young fellow enough, dressed faultlessly; his upper lip innocent of the slightest vestige of that "knightly fringe" of which the Laureate speaks, and his hair brushed religiously over his ears, and uniting in a slight protuberance in the regions of the occiput, not altogether unsuggestive of a chignon. There was really something delicious in the intense air of self-

satisfaction and self-confidence which marked the young fellow's manner. He may have been just twenty, certainly not more. But in worldly experience he had long since attained his majority. He had evidently exhausted existence in his teens, nor, as Mr. Disraeli has said of one of his characters in "Sybil," was it easy to see what else there remained for him to do but to mourn over the ruins of extinct excitement. What was he doing? Well, he was "Fitzdawdle's P. S.—private secretary, don't you know? Fitz has nothing to do, and I help him to do it. And what have you been about with yourself?" said my young patron, in a tone of the most sublime condescension; "much light fantastic lately? Do your park pretty regularly, eh?" and Mr. Augustus Fitzdawdle's P. S. helped himself to another glass of Lafitte.

"Look me up," were his parting words; "sorry I can't stay longer now; due at about ten places to-night; always tell 'em I'm not a marrying man. But they will send me cards just the same; so one must show up occasionally. I say, though," he concluded, "if you've nothing better to do, come and dine with me at the J. D.'s on Thursday next, 8.15 sharp." And, with these words, my elegant apparition of polished but precocious manhood vanished down the staircase.

When I went into Fitzdawdle's drawing-room, I heard old Sir John Groper giving his opinion on the young men of the day.

"Gad," he said, "a youngster of seventeen nowadays knows his way about as well as I do at sixty" (Sir John was seventy-two if he was an hour). "That reprobate, Deuce Murray, older than I am" (in reality he was ten years younger), "told me the other day at the club that he should go abroad. 'By George!' he said, 'I've cleaned out all the old ones; and, as for the young ones, if I stay here they'll devilish soon clean out me.'"

The J. D.'s, I may explain, meant, when expressed at full length, the Junior Diplomats—a club with which I was well acquainted; nor would it be possible to have a better vantage-ground for the contemplation of the most extensive variety of specimens conceivable of the *jeunesse dorée* of the period than that afforded by the smoking-room of that social establishment. Astounding to the uninitiated is the international gossip to be heard within these precincts from the lips of beardless Talleyrands; darkly mysterious their allusions to that temple of impenetrable wisdom, F. O.; extensive, even to omniscience, their acquaintance with the state-secrets of Continental kingdoms. There is not a European personage of distinction about whose private life and domestic habits they could not, if they would, reveal a tale that would startle your small intelligence. You would think, to hear little Jack Fledgeley—he has been in the service exactly three years—lay down the law as to precedence, etiquette, foreign distinctions, and so forth, that his hair had grown gray in the company of ambassadors and *chargés d'affaires*. Yet the lad, before he was sent to Vienna, had only left his native land on two occasions—the annual expedition to Switzerland—and he entered the Foreign Office when he was very fresh, indeed, from Harrow School. Note the mien and the dress of these superfine young gentlemen. See how daintily the cigarette is kindled and its smoke exhaled; how faultlessly the trouser sits upon the gaitered shoe; how free from the slightest suspicion of wrinkle or pucker is the inimitable coat. This is the company of which Mr. Augustus Fitzdawdle's P. S. is a not undistinguished member, and you might search the town far and wide before you would find another coterie characterized by so much of airy elegance and perfumed *savoir-faire*.—T. H. S. Escott, in *Belgravia*.

THE LUMBER-TRADE IN FLORIDA.

Of the industries of the South next in importance to the cotton-manufacture is the *lumber-business*—the pine-regions of the Southern seaboard now furnishing immense supplies for Northern and foreign consumption, as well as for the South herself. Years ago, the hardy lumbermen from Canada and Maine were in the habit of making annual winter raids on the Southern coast, penetrating often into the interior, and monopolizing the profits of this trade. But, since the war, Southern men, aided by Northern means, have turned their attention to this source of wealth, and numerous immense saw-mills, with new and improved machinery, have been erected, and the somewhat harsh music of the saw has awakened the echoes in sylvan solitudes hitherto resounding only to the cries of the wild animals that peopled them.

Along the coasts of Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, both the axes and the saw-mills are now busy, annually sending forth many millions of feet of hewn and sawn lumber and timber to the uttermost ends of the earth.

A brief outline of what is doing in this way at one point alone, in the remote region of Pensacola and Perdido Bay, in West Florida, will give the foreign reader a faint idea of the rapid growth and great proportions this comparatively new Southern industry is attaining.

The writer visited Perdido Bay last summer. A narrow-gauge railway ten miles long connects this land-locked bay with the fine harbor of Pensacola, which in the autumn and winter season is now filled with lumber-vessels of all nationalities; while Pensacola, which has literally arisen from its ashes since the war, is now rapidly becoming a thriving little city from the effects of this trade. For two years succeeding the war, Pensacola, which had been burned down, was deserted, weeds grew up in her streets, and the fox and wild-turkey abode there. Then the scattered fugitives began to return, and some of the more energetic among them commenced rebuilding the saw-mills which had been destroyed, and from these small seeds sprang up the trade which now already exports values to the amount of upward of two million dollars per annum. Perdido (or Lost) Bay, so called from its having no navigable outlet, is now the centre of a great movement in timber-cutting, and on its banks, four years since solitary in savage wildness, are now six large saw-mills, and two additional monster ones in course of construction. In size, cost, and perfection of machinery, these new saw-mills are unsurpassed anywhere. Their enterprising owners, Northwestern men, have bought a principality, in extent two hundred thousand acres, from the State of Alabama, lying on the opposite side of Perdido Bay, that being the boundary between Florida and Alabama, and will conduct operations on a grand scale. The consequence of this new industry has been already to treble the trade and commerce of Pensacola, with an ever-increasing tendency. Her shipping-lists for the year before last showed one hundred and two ships, eleven hundred and twenty-three barks, seventy-five brigs, and three hundred schooners, all due to the lumber-business, since Pensacola is not a cotton port, owing to its location. It was confidently anticipated that the trade would be doubled during the year just past.

The bay of Perdido is well worthy of a visit by tourist or traveler, for its natural beauties are very great. Its mirror-like expanse of unruddied water, land-locked, crescent-shaped, with indented curves, is fringed on its farther side by a dark array of pines, with their sombre great foliage and straight shafts shooting thirty feet into the air with-

out a limb below. The primeval forest, undisturbed as yet by the axe, and without human habitations, alone is visible. The bay, not being navigable, has no craft of any kind on its broad bosom save a miniature steamer employed for transporting rafts of logs over its shallow surface.

But looking around you, as you stand on the nearer side, you observe the marks of civilization and progress in the mills, plying ceaselessly their busy saws, the piles of hewn and sawn timber, and the growing village and workmen's houses constituting a respectable settlement, within the limits of which liquor is forbidden to be sold by the restrictive law, self-imposed in this new Maine in the Southern wilderness. But eight years since this spot was a wilderness without a single habitation, the haunt of the bear and the panther. The following extract from an address recently delivered on the completion of a railroad to it in 1872, by Mr. Campbell, a leading lawyer of Pensacola, draws a curious picture of a locality in the heart of a region discovered by Ponce de Leon three centuries ago, and within six miles of one of the oldest settlements in the State:

"In the dawn of this enterprise, when Millview was a wilderness, and the track of the panther was still on its soil, some men might have been seen trying to finish by night a cabin they had commenced to build in the morning. Near by was a woman seated on a log, patiently awaiting the completion of the shelter under which she was, through her thrift, smiles, and counsels, to make glad the heart of her husband. That husband is my friend Dr. McLean, the mill-pioneer of Perdido, who, thus cheered and sustained, is, after many trials, now on the verge of affluence, and that woman, his wife, a lady who honors me by permitting me to call her my friend."

This is no picture of the earlier settlement, but dates back eight years only.—*Edwin de Leon, in Fraser's Magazine.*

A LEGEND OF THE PALACE OF GAILLON.

GAILLON itself is full of memories. Here was the famous palace of the Archbishops of Rouen, now converted into a penitentiary, or, as it is called, *Maison Centrale de Détenition*.

The remains still existing of the old château—the entrance-porch with its four towers, the clock-tower, the chapter-tower—belong to the palace built by the celebrated Cardinal d'Amboise, in 1498, in the reign of Louis XII. But the first archiepiscopal palace of Gaillon was of much older date; and there is a curious legend about its first possessor, Odo Rigault, Archbishop of Rouen in the time of St-Louis.

Odo was a very wealthy prelate. He owned farms, mills, fish-ponds, dairies, in the neighborhood of Rouen; his cellars were filled with exquisite wines; his coffers overflowed with gold; his table was more splendidly served than that of any baron of Normandy. But in the midst of all this splendor Odo was the most unhappy person in his diocese. While all the fierce unlettered barons of the province had strong castles, from which they could torment and plunder those weaker than themselves, he, the Prince-Archbishop of Rouen, was the only man of position who had not a strong fortress, in which he could secure his treasures in the event of an English invasion, or secure himself against the covetousness of his noble neighbors. No one would cede him a castle, and each time he journeyed through his province the sight of a conveniently-placed fortress would plunge him into deep sadness.

One day he set forth, attended by a numerous suite, to visit the Bishop of Evreux, and was overtaken by a violent storm. His attendants, getting wet to the skin, entreated him to halt and take refuge in a château they saw close by, situated on the brow of a

hill overlooking the Seine. The archbishop at first refused; but when he found that this Château of Gaillon belonged to the suintly king, instead of to one of the marauding nobles, he consented; "but the visit is ill-omened," he said.

This palace of the thirteenth century was a very inferior building to that of the fifteenth and sixteenth; but still it was well placed, and possessed of a very extensive territory. The captain who held command of the château in the king's absence received the archbishop with due reverence, and conducted him through the deserted but richly-furnished apartments.

Odo expressed his surprise at the neglected state of the palace, and asked whether the king or the Queen Blanche did not sometimes reside at Gaillon.

No; the king had come once, before his first departure for the Holy Land, but he had never paid a second visit. The royal chamber had been closed ever since.

The archbishop supped and passed the night at Gaillon; but he neither ate nor slept; his mind was absorbed in one idea, the possession of Gaillon. So strong, so well placed, so convenient, it was the very château he longed for—ah! what would not he give to be able to say to the barons, when they came back from Palestine, "I, too, have my fortress, with towers higher than yours; I, too, have my crossbow-men and halberdiers: come and besiege me, if you dare!"

He left Gaillon next morning with a heavy heart, but the doom of his life was sealed. From that day did the archbishop, Odo Rigault, incessantly covet the king's Château of Gaillon. He did not again visit it; but he frequently rode within sight of its towers, and each time, after a long, lingering gaze, he went home still more heavy-hearted and covetous than before.

Soon after, a summons came for the archbishop to attend the king.

"Messire," said St.-Louis, "I have spent my all. I have pledged all my plate and jewels. I have absolutely nothing wherewith to maintain the holy war, and deliver the tomb of our blessed Lord. I hear that your coffers are full of golden crowns; give some of them to me, and if there is any thing I can offer you in exchange, you have but to speak and you will obtain all you desire."

"My lord and king," said the archbishop, "I desire but one thing in the world; and you can give it to me. Take all I possess, and give me your Palace of Gaillon."

But the king would not thus despoil the prelate. He named the sum he required, and told Odo that henceforth Gaillon should be the residence of the Archbishop of Rouen.

The old archbishop fell at the king's feet crazy with joy; but St.-Louis raised him, and said:

"And now, my lord-archbishop, in order that our exchange may be acceptable to God, will you not go with me on this crusade? It is a pious work, which will stand you in good stead hereafter."

Messire Odo Rigault turned pale, but he murmured an assent.

Some days after the fleet set sail for Tunis, with king and archbishop on board. Very soon St.-Louis lay dead of the plague, and Philip III. brought back the army to France; but, just in sight of land, a tempest arose and swallowed up many of the ships—among others, that of the archbishop; he managed, however, to cling to a bit of wreck till he was picked up by a fisher-boat, which landed him in France.

He hardly waited to be recovered from his fatigues, he was so impatient to take possession of his domain. At last he was going to realize his great desire. It was in the spring

of the year, and he resolved to enter Gaillon with the greatest pomp.

Early one morning a great procession filled the road to Gaillon. A large number of the clergy, the metropolitan chapter, deputations from abbeys, convents, communities, all were there, with crosses and banners. In the midst was the archbishop, superbly mounted, with his mitre and pallium; beside him were his six suffragans—the Bishops of Bayeux, Evreux, Lisieux, Avranches, Sées, and Coutances, richly robed.

He was ushered with great pomp into the chamber which had once been occupied by Louis IX. When the archbishop lay down on the royal bed, he exclaimed, triumphantly:

"At last I am castellan of Gaillon!"

At that instant, from behind the bed-curtains, came back a solemn voice, which repeated, like a funeral echo, "It is I who am castellan of Gaillon."

Next morning, when his chamberlains entered the room, they found only the corpse of the Archbishop of Rouen.—"Through Normandy," by Mrs. Macquoid.

A TOWN ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

BAKU is an old Tartar town, and shows signs of former note and consideration. It is now being moulded into fashion suitable to the present age and the progressive ideas of its present masters, and promises further improvement. Built on the slope of a hill, and partly inclosed by a wall similar to that of Derbent and other Caucasian towns, its houses are of mud, brick, and stone, and there are but few trees to relieve the monotony of Asiatic dust. There is something very familiar to me in the contemplation of its long lines of bazaar, which strike me as mere reproduction of a common Oriental picture. The shopkeepers are mostly Caucasian, Tartar, and Persian; the true Russians being scarce among them. With the Persians I felt at home, and could get on famously; with the others I could manage to attain intelligibility by the use of Osmanli Turkish. Mademoiselle E—, the Dutch chevalier and friend, and I, soon find our way to the shore, and proceed to examine the place; commencing with a few small purchases, such as fruit, cigarettes, and a hat turband, and continuing with the more luxurious *passé-temps* of a drive. The lady and I occupy one *droshky*, and our companions another, and the respective coachmen obey instructions to show us the town and its lions. The hired vehicles of Baku are driven by Tartars at a smart pace, and are not bad of their kind, notwithstanding a shakiness and brittle exterior. Observed a handsome Armenian church under construction, and many stone houses rising near the water; but the quays, which are so susceptible of development, are comparatively neglected. Probably the municipality is fettered here as at Astrakhan, and probably such results as malversation and maladministration of funds, when realized, may not be unknown at Baku. The prominent building in Baku, toward the sea and light-house, is called "The Maiden's Tower," and it has a local legend somewhat of a Cenci character. The story goes that a Tartar princess was proposed for in marriage by her own father, and that she naturally declined the offer; that he became fierce and pressing, and she ostensibly submissive and yielding; that she made her consent conditional on his building her a tower—the tower, *par excellence*, of Baku; that he agreed to the terms laid down, made over to her the completed building, and that her first act on obtaining possession was to throw herself from its highest point and perish! I had no notion that Baku had ever boasted a Beatrice; but I cannot say that the legend has altogether convinced

me of the fact. There are several baths here, notably those of the club, arsenal, and custom-house; admission to which may be procured by visitors with friends, interest, or a little coin of the realm.

One evening we went to look at the wonderful fires, distant about twenty-one miles from the town in an easterly direction; for at Baku a wide tongue of land projects to seaward considerably in advance of the general line of coast west of the Caspian. Amid the fires is a large factory, and thither Mr. H—, our English engineer, who acted as guide to Mademoiselle E— and myself, directed the coachman to drive. On arrival, we saw the German assistant superintendent and his family, who received us with civility and hospitality combined, thanks, doubtless, to the presence of a mutual acquaintance, in the person of an introducer. To say that these fires are curious, or worth seeing, is to say nothing. They are marvelous, and worthy of classification among natural wonders. There is a large tract of ground near the sea, on the peninsula of Absharan, out of which gas issues in profusion. The whole soil appears to be impregnated here with naphtha, and the application of fire to the vaporous region will cause a flame to arise, extinguishable only by water or smothering. Many flames are aroused and kept alive, for use in various ways. In the kitchen of our host, for instance, they played a conspicuous part, cooked his meat, boiled his water, warmed such things as had need of warming, and served to economize domestic labor. The aspect of the fires at night gives the notion of a watchful camp. Many are built upon; that is, the fire is carried through a conductor raised upon it. Each of the two stone pillars at the factory-gate is thus surmounted with a high, bright flame. A photograph would convey no notion of these phenomena, and to represent them with any approach to truth or correctness would tax the powers of a consummate artist. Attached to, and perhaps a little higher than, the large factory-wall inclosing the several buildings of the establishment, is an inclosure of a castellated kind. It has a rampart, and on the rampart is a little house like that above the gate-way of an Oriental fort. Beside this house the steps lead down to the lower court, a space of about ten yards square, in the centre of which is a Hindoo temple. Near the foot of these steps is shown a large, dark stain, marking the spot where the last Hindoo fakir perished, the last who had made a pilgrimage to Baku. I am told that there have been as many as forty at a time here; and, to judge from the numerous rooms or cells, this might well have been the case. I entered one cell, that of the last hermit, and about it was the unmistakable architecture of the Indian domicile: the earthen threshold, and cooking-place, and seat; a broken ewer of earthenware made the recollection even more vivid. And why was this wretched man murdered? All that the factory people knew on the subject was that there were two Hindoos there. One went back with intent to return to his own country, and the other remained, already then a resident of many years. One day the family of the factory went to Baku, leaving the fakir, as they supposed, well and safe. On their return, he was found murdered, and his idols and little property had been stolen. Suspicion fell on the Tartars, but I have not heard that any Tartar was tried or questioned on the matter. The papers of the deceased were retained by the Russian police. They say that the land, as well as a monastery built upon it, was bought by the Hindoos, and dates from a very old period. Hanway, traveling more than one hundred and twenty years ago, talks of the Indians' worship at Baku, and of the number of devotees there being generally forty or fifty.—"Telegraph and Travel," by Colonel Goldsmid.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE death of a man who held office under the first Napoleon, and published a book sixty-five years ago, is a striking circumstance, especially as, up to within a month of his death, he was pursuing his literary labors with all the ardor of a tyro engaged on his first literary venture. A biography and portrait of Guizot were given in the *JOURNAL* of June 20, 1874, and we do not propose to repeat the stirring incidents of his life. But the fact that, after an existence full of public excitement and vicissitude, and an amount of brain-work which seems marvelous, Guizot should arrive at his eighty-seventh year, in the full possession of both mental and bodily powers, is certainly one worthy of note.

Here is a friend of Madame de Staël and Châteaubriand, who lived to witness the literary triumphs of Dumas the younger and Edmond About; a contemporary of Cuvier, who witnessed the rise of Tyndall and Huxley; who knew Talleyrand in his prime, and lived to hear Gambetta's eloquence.

Indeed, the present age, on a cursory view, would seem to be marked by the number of its famous old men. Thiers, so long Guizot's rival in letters as well as in politics, is still, at seventy-eight, the active and zealous leader of a great party; General Changarnier, another vigorous political chief, has passed his eightieth year; Raspail, who is as restless and formidable a radical as he was forty or fifty years ago, and is at this moment cheerfully serving out the sentence passed upon him for sedition, in Mazas Prison, is eighty; Michelet lived and wrote to three-score and fifteen; while Pasquier, who played a conspicuous part in French politics a quarter of a century ago, died in 1862 at the goodly age of ninety-five.

The instances of English statesmen who have been long-lived, and who have continued in public activity to an advanced age, are not less numerous and remarkable: Lord Lyndhurst spoke—and spoke well—in the House of Lords after he was ninety; the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Fox's "All-the-talents" ministry of 1806, lived to take a Nestorian part in liberal politics more than half a century after; Lord Brougham, as everybody knows, wrote his autobiography, or a large part of it, when he was in the eighties; Lord St. Leonards, who was Lord Chancellor in 1852, wrote a legal treatise on "Purchasers" just about seventy years ago, and is still to be seen occasionally, at the age of ninety-one, in his seat in the House of Lords; Earl Russell is, at eighty, one of the most frequent speakers and indefatigable controversialists in Parliament, in which body he has sat, as commoner and peer, since 1817, when "Gentleman George" was regent, and the

first Napoleon was still struggling for European empire.

Nor is America behindhand in instances of the longevity of public men. A majority of our Presidents have survived their three-score-and-tenth year; six of them, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and Van Buren, lived to be over eighty; and one, the elder Adams, to exceed his ninth decade. The great age to which Titian attained, ninety-nine, and that which Michael Angelo reached, ninety, are certainly very suggestive; but the American painters Charles Wilson Peale and Rembrandt Peale, his son, present instances only less remarkable; for the elder died at the age of eighty-six, and the younger at that of eighty-two, and both were constant to the brush and easel down to a very short period before death.

Albert Gallatin and Aaron Burr lived to be more than fourscore; and Chief-Justice Waite may perhaps derive good augury from the fact that three out of his five predecessors on the Supreme Bench of the United States passed their eightieth year—John Jay dying at eighty-four, John Marshall at eighty, and Roger B. Taney at eighty-seven, the two latter presiding on the bench to their decease.

The remarkable thing about Guizot is not so much that, having been so long a prominent figure in events, he lived to so great an age, but that he retained apparently all the mental energy of his prime to the last. Those who saw him in his later days speak of his memory as still marvelously rapid and accurate; and it is less than a year since he took energetic part in the sessions of the Academy and the French Protestant Consistory, arguing stoutly in the latter for the Calvinistic creed. His bodily strength, too, seemed quite unimpaired, and he exhibited scarcely an infirmity or even tremor of age.

—The ground is broken for that beautiful building in which is to be celebrated the centennial of the birthday of liberty and good government. The workmen are busy at its foundation, and soon all may see the fair proportions of its stately walls. It is intended as the symbol of another fabric, the foundations of which were laid by other workmen in other days. Those workmen are usually known as our forefathers. It is said that they labored very hard and persistently, and made many sacrifices, hoping that posterity would gain some advantage from their labors. Many have wondered at the unanimity and mutual friendliness with which these respectable old gentlemen suffered in the building of their ideal temple, but none have denied that their example is worthy of remembrance.

And so, in a little less than two years, we shall gather in the centennial building to praise them, and, at the same time, to show the world and the historians of after-time

how worthy we are of our inheritance, and how well we have preserved the paternal estate. The occasion will be of a somewhat solemn nature; and as in classic days men were wont to bathe themselves before celebrating the mysterious rites of their gods, and as in old New England the evening of Saturday was to be lived soberly out of respect to the morrow, so it is fitting that the celebrants of the centennial should make fitting preparation for the coming jubilee. The rites of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, are, in a sense, holy, as being part of the religion of humanity. Two years will be none too much to devote to purification and the donning of festal garments.

Out of respect for the idea of Fraternity, it will be proper for the "war of races" to cease, or at least to "adjourn until after the holidays;" to take, as it were, a Christmas recess. It will look unseemly for the two races to quarrel as they march with banners bearing such devices as "E pluribus unum" and "United we stand." Such a spectacle would make the judicious grieve. The black leagues and the white leagues are notified that they have two years in which to lay down their arms.

Among the statesmen who signed the Declaration of Independence it may be safely asserted that four out of every five were honest men. It would be most humiliating to show to the world a smaller proportion among the distinguished personages who will gather to celebrate the signing of that brave old document. Let four men out of five, then, make, during the little time that is left, a contribution, each as he thinks just, to what shall be known as the "Centennial Conscience Fund." Mr. Spinner will acknowledge the receipts as they flow into Washington, and will give due credit through the public prints in this manner:

Additions to the Conscience Fund received during the Week ending, etc.

| | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| John Hancock..... | \$5,000 |
| Stephen Hopkins..... | 2,500 |
| Carroll of Carrollton..... | 1,500 |

and so on, each according to his sin. And, when the senders have exhausted the names of the signers, let them follow the roll of the generals of the Revolution. It will tend to reminiscence, besides being a very pretty allegorical ceremony.

That governments are instituted among men to secure equal rights is a truth which will undoubtedly find a place among the chants and responses at the great convocation. Let those, then, who have perverted legislation for selfish purposes, who have taxed the many for the benefit of a few, hasten to make restitution, if they wish to join with clear voices in the final anthem, "We pledge anew our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

If there is any governor who feels that he really lacked ten thousand votes of a majori-

ty at the last election, let him resign before going to Philadelphia. Senators who have purchased Legislatures, and men who have sold their votes, should give all that they have to the poor before asking the committee of arrangements for a seat in the outermost circle.

But easier would it be to tell again old Homer's "catalogue of ships" than to enumerate the ablutions, baptisms, and propitiatory sacrifices, called for by the time so rapidly approaching. Fortunately, we are blessed with rivers larger than the Jordan; and, if there be such as like not fresh water, they may at least run violently down a steep place into the sea.

— The revival of pilgrimages is one of the most notable evidences of the probability of Mr. Disraeli's recent prophecy, that an era of wide-spread religious conflict, and of collisions between Churches and states, is approaching. While the English public was still feverishly discussing the remarkable confessions of scientific faith made by Professors Tyndall and Huxley at the British Association, a company of English Roman Catholics were preparing to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Pontigny, in France.

It is less than a year since Monsignor Capel led a similar company to pray and chant at the chapel of "Our Lady of Lourdes;" and we hear of pilgrimages projected to yet more distant spots consecrated by Biblical events and saintly miracles. Ere long, it is said, English *devots* will be kneeling in supplicating multitudes at the Holy Sepulchre, and offering the merits of self-sacrifice on the newly-discovered, true Mount Sinai.

Pilgrimages have always been one of the most powerful means by which the chief-priests of Islam have retained and increased the allegiance of the faithful to Allah and the Prophet; and every year the accounts come of the hosts of Arabs, Indians, and Persians, as well as Turks and Egyptians, who flock in the colonnades of the ancient Moslem temple at Mecca. The Papal Church, bereft of its temporalities, has resorted for its continued power to spiritual weapons, and there is ample record, in the unprinted tomes of the Vatican, of the effect which the mediæval pilgrimages had upon the zeal of the people and the conversion of the heretical. Many instruments of inspiration have long remained in disuse; but, now that no power, however orthodox, has the temerity to enter upon a warlike crusade in behalf of the Holy Father, who finds himself deserted even by the Hapsburg, and left helpless by the fall of Bourbon everywhere, it has become necessary to revive religious enthusiasm by a return to spiritual means appealing to emotion and imagination.

The English pilgrimage to Pontigny indicates that this Catholic revival has taken a

strong hold upon the English members of that communion. It was headed by some of the highest prelates of the Church—the Bishop of Southwark, Archbishop Manning, and Monsignors Capel, Stonor, and Patterson—and in its train were nobles of the houses of Howard, Douglas, Talbot, and Clifford. Meanwhile, one of the most distinguished and highly-respected of English statesmen, a member of the late Gladstone cabinet, the Marquis of Ripon, has attested the growing spiritual influence of the Catholic Church by entering within its pale.

Ritualism seems, likewise, to be ripening in the same way for an open return to the ancient religion; nor is its tendency thitherward likely to be otherwise than hastened by the recent passage of an act of Parliament "to put down ritualism," as the premier frankly described it. Thus the struggle, at once ecclesiastical and political, which has already begun and gone to grave lengths in Germany, bids fair to spread speedily to England. It is striking to find such a state of things at the same time that the chiefs of science are proclaiming that the human intellect must be reserved for the discovery of phenomena and the deduction of exact laws, and religion left to the emotions.

Happily, there is reason to hope that, if a struggle between ecclesiasticism and the secular powers must come, it will not assume the bitterness of the old contests of a like nature. The world has grown, or should have grown, into a spirit of greater toleration than when the Tudors burned people at the stake, and the Inquisition and Star-Chamber doomed women to the torture. The brunt of battle will be in England and Germany—nations accustomed to self-control and politic action, where men first emerged from the "brute-force" manner of out-arguing an antagonist in opinion—and is likely to take place rather in the legislative chamber, and perhaps the courts—as it has already done in Germany—than in the field of civil war, and amid the fires of the stake.

— Truth is not the only thing which, crushed to earth, will rise again. Wounded Error may die amid her worshipers, but she always leaves a brood of small errors, which are wellnigh immortal. You may select any one, or any half-dozen, and subject them to the most merciless vivisection, turning them over and over and inside out, and demonstrating their absurd nature beyond a peradventure, and in the morning you will find them skipping about as lively as ever. Perhaps the most persistent of all are certain senseless misquotations. Let us look at three or four specimens.

The "brand of Cain" is perpetually alluded to as if it were a mark of wrath, a badge of shame, and a signal for destruction; whereas it was a token of mercy and protection. "And the Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance

shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

The celebrated bargain between Jacob and Esau is commonly supposed to have been a piece of utter folly and wickedness on the part of Esau, as if from the mere promptings of gluttony he parted with his birthright. Even St. Paul seems to allude to it somewhat after this idea. But when we turn to the original account in Genesis we find that Esau's alternative was starvation, and that his crafty and hard-fisted brother wrung his birthright from him for a pitiful price by seizing the opportunity offered by his faintness and destitution. Did anybody ever hear that transaction alluded to as a piece of acronelism on the part of Jacob, rather than of folly on the part of Esau?

If Falstaff had said, "Discretion is the better part of valor" (as he is daily quoted), he would have uttered a very flat thing by giving an exceedingly poor and inadequate definition of discretion. But he said no such thing. Discretion was not the subject of his discourse at all. He was talking about valor, and he very properly began its definition by mentioning its first essential, "The better part of valor is discretion."

The popular error that Robinson Crusoe's island was Juan Fernandez, off the west coast of South America—when the book expressly declares that it was near the mouth of the river Orinoco, on the northwest coast of that continent, and all the account of the course of the vessel before reaching it plainly mentions places in the Atlantic Ocean, and none whatever in the Pacific—has been carefully explained; but, as the farmer said of Daniel Webster, it is "not dead yet." It originated, of course, in the story that Defoe stole his narrative from Alexander Selkirk, who did pass some time alone on Juan Fernandez.

We believe Holmes himself has pointed out the fact that his "Autocrat" does not say that the city of Boston is the hub of the universe, but simply remarked that a Boston man thinks the dome of Boston State-House is the hub of the universe, and that you couldn't pry that idea out of his head if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar. The actual physical resemblance of the dome to an old-fashioned wagon-hub probably suggested the metaphor to Holmes. But those who habitually regard Boston as preëminently the city of self-conceit, quickly turned the expression into its popular form, and gave it the current signification.

— The following letter to the London *Spectator* conveys a very proper comment on one feature of Professor Tyndall's recent address, and does an act of justice to one of the greatest scientific minds of America:

"To the Editor of the *Spectator*.

"SIR: Professor Tyndall has, it seems to me, scarcely sufficiently acknowledged, in his courageous address before the British Association at Belfast, his great obligations to Professor Draper's work, on the 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,' which, although published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy in 1864, is yet very little known out of America. Here and there, Professor

Tyndall has acknowledged his obligations to Professor Draper's book in a foot-note. But the truth is, that he is indebted to it not only for the occasional pertinent quotations from it scattered throughout his address, but for the whole fabric of it, down to the paragraph on Bishop Butler. The paragraphs on the Arabs and Bruno are almost slavishly recast from Professor Draper's text. I have intimately known Professor Draper's work for ten years, and was at once struck and greatly gratified by Professor Tyndall's obligations to it, and was only disappointed that his acknowledgment of them was not fuller, wider, and more emphatic. The 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe' is a marvel of industrious research, and, considering that it was written before Darwin's discoveries became known, is a splendid monument of the New-York professor's philosophical insight; and it seems to me that, in drawing attention to it in a country where it has been completely overlooked, Professor Tyndall might have spoken of it with some of that generous warmth with which he mentioned the names of Huxley, Helmholtz, and Du Bois-Raymond. So much I have been moved to write by your description of Professor Tyndall's address as 'the outcome of his vigorous research.' The outcome is most certainly Professor Draper's wholly.

"I would add that those who have been puzzled by the esoteric implications of Professor Tyndall's address will find perfect light thrown on them by a perusal of Professor Draper's work."

Literary.

WE have recently received the first volume of the series called "Little Classics," edited by Mr. Rositer Johnson, and announced some time ago by Messrs. Osgood & Co.; and, though the series was not heralded by any very violent blowing of the publisher's trumpet, we believe the well-known Boston firm has seldom put its imprint upon a collection of more worth as a lasting contribution to literature.

Mr. Johnson's general plan in the compilation of the matter composing the volumes he has edited is so well conceived that it deserves a word of explanation before any special criticism is made upon the carrying out of his work. He designs, in this and the succeeding volumes, to bring together, in permanent form, those writings which, while they have not put on the factitious dignity of a volume—while they have not even passed from the ephemeral covers of the magazine into odd volumes of "collected works," perhaps—have nevertheless exercised that influence upon men and met that universal acknowledgment of greatness that go toward the making of a true classic.

In its comment upon this matter of definition, as in some other things, Mr. Johnson's preface comes so dangerously near to being a "Little Classic" in itself, that we make no excuse for quoting from it at considerable length.

"It is not more difficult," says Mr. Johnson, "for the mineralogist to define a metal than for a critic to define a classic. No attribute or property of metal can be mentioned—hardness, brittleness, malleability, magnetism, lustre—but some acknowledged metal can be found which lacks it. So, when we come to define what is classic in literature, we find not a single quality that may not be dispensed with, or that is not lacking in some universally-accepted and canonized piece of composition. Is age a requisite? Consider Mr. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, which was recognized as classic and immortal the hour it was flashed from the wires and printed, or misprinted, in the five thousand journals of the

land. Is perfection of plot or unity of design necessary? 'David Copperfield' can hardly be said to have a plot, and the 'Merchant of Venice' is notably lacking in unity. Is detailed grammatical and idiomatic correctness indispensable? Then how few are the absolute masters of English prose! It is with some feeling of embarrassment," he goes on to say, "at this lack of any perfect test, that I have gathered the contents of these volumes and ventured to call them 'Little Classics.' And yet, the genuine lovers of literature, setting aside all attempt at conscious definition, and following only their artistic instincts, will not seriously differ in their opinion as to what deserves the name of classic and bears the warrant of immortality."

Later in his preface Mr. Johnson says: "The performance of this task has suggested the idea that, in romantic fiction, ours is the day of small things—small as the diamond and violet are small. Going freely through English literature to gather little classics, I have been surprised at finding so few that antedate the present century. . . .

"The ponderous novel cannot be said to have had its day; but the indications are that it must soon cease to have more than its day."

The first volume of the series is entitled "Exile"—its contents throughout being expressions—we see no reason why this word should not be applied in literature as in music—expressions of that theme. The tales and sketches included in it are Hawthorne's "Ethan Brand;" "The Swans of Lir," by Gerald Griffin; "A Night in a Workhouse," the memorable sketch by James Greenwood, of London; Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat;" Hale's remarkable "The Man without a Country;" and De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe."

Those to whom long experience in a world where every man cannot have the ideal library has taught the want of accessible forms of noble things in literature and art, will best know how to thank Mr. Johnson for what he has done so well.

The next volume is, we believe, to be entitled "Intellect," and the series is to contain in all ten volumes.

The *Saturday Review* has an article on "The Art of Skipping" (in reading), which expresses so much of our own belief that we quote its leading points: "We maintain that the true belief as to skipping is to this effect—generally speaking, it is not wrong to skip. Skipping is an important part of the art of reading, and should be practised systematically. It is most to be practised in solid books—by which we mean, for the purposes of this discussion, books that are read merely for information. Solid or serious reading consists in attending to the matter of a book independently of the form, except, indeed, when the form itself is the primary subject of study—as, for instance, from the point of view of a philologist or historian of literature. The more solid the book, the more expedient it is to skip, and the more useful it is to know how to skip judiciously. But, when the form is of sensible importance to the reader as compared with the matter—or, in less abstract language, when a book is read partly or wholly for entertainment and artistic pleasure, independently of information—then the art of skipping is no longer in its proper place, and should be very sparingly used, if at all. It is generally a mistake in poetry, and it is absolutely wrong in a good novel. We do not mean to forbid a cursory glance at a novel or volume of poems about which nothing is known, honestly intended as a preliminary inquiry to ascertain whether it is worth reading

at all. One has a perfect right to look into a book and say that it appears to be worth reading or not worth reading, as the case may be; and the faculty of doing this with a reasonable chance of guessing right is indeed closely connected with the art and mystery of skipping. But we must protest against the habit of tasting a good novel by dips and skips, which is really nothing better than taking extracts at random, and then pretending to have read the novel. This way of treating the masterpieces of fiction, though we fear it is not uncommon, and meets with but little reprehension, we take to be no less vicious and demoralizing than the much-decried practice of skipping in books of solid instruction is in truth wholesome and laudable. The same observation applies, though in a less degree, to the reading of poems. . . .

"In reading what may be called literature of exposition, especially in really good essays, it is often difficult to say how much of the general pleasurable impression is due to the substance of the author's meaning, and how much to the form. This may be regarded as a kind of neutral ground, where skipping may in some circumstances be allowable and expedient, in others a grave mistake. When we come to fiction, the case is much plainer. A good work of fiction, whether in prose or in verse—we are here speaking only of good works—is a work of art, and can be rightly enjoyed only by entering into sympathy with the artist's mind, and accepting his work according to his intention."

The literature of the *Polaris* expedition has received a notable addition in a letter sent by Dr. Emil Bessels to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. We have not seen the original German, but find a résumé of it in the *Academy*, from which we quote the following: "He explains at length the reasons which led to the return of the *Polaris* expedition before the appointed time, and when it had only reached 83° north latitude. He asserts that the death of Captain Hall in no way influenced the survivors in their decision to return without having accomplished the main object of the expedition, but that, on the contrary, the result must have been precisely the same had he lived, since the *Polaris* had sprung a leak twelve feet below the water-line, which it was found impossible to stop, while her position was rendered most dangerous by the continual pressure against her side of the great iceberg which lay between her and the shore. When toward the end of the winter the northeast storms began to set the ice in motion, the *Polaris* was driven helplessly out toward the sea, at the very time that it was necessary to work the pumps almost incessantly. As this could only be effectually done by the aid of steam, the coal-supplies rapidly diminished, and under these circumstances the officers in command of the ship, after the death of Captain Hall, had no alternative but to return; to have persevered would simply have been to incur certain destruction. In regard to the opinion expressed by some American papers that the officers of the *Polaris* should have tried to advance northward in sledges, Dr. Bessels states that the sea-ice was in constant motion, owing to the mildness of the season, and was so rough and uneven that there was not more than a couple of square miles of smooth ice over the entire area of Robeson's Channel. Violent storms prevailed, moreover, all the winter, in the ratio of seventy-five per cent. of the entire period, and carried the snow off the land in sudden squalls, heaping it up at some spots in huge drifts, and leaving the ground denuded

at other places and unfit for sledges. Dr. Besseles draws attention to the numerous incidental and uncontrollable causes on which the success of arctic expeditions must always depend, and he points out how little the courage and endurance of the bravest and most determined explorers can influence the result of such enterprises."

In Théophile Gautier's "Contemporary Portraits," in the volume recently published, there is one of the few complete descriptions of the lives and method of work of the two brothers De Goncourt. We take the following from a synopsis of the article: "Edmond and Jules de Goncourt are, or rather were (for Jules died five years ago), the 'literary curiosity' of this century. Their community of taste was even more complete, and the fusion of their thoughts more perfect, than is the case with Erckmann and Chatrian. They were brothers, and their happiest period of success was in the palmy days of the Second Empire. By an extraordinary chance their minds were precisely similar in bent and extent, albeit that there was a difference of ten years between the brothers—so like that no difference was perceptible in their style of expressing thoughts, both in word and writing. But we had better let Théophile Gautier speak: 'It was so usual to see them together, that a solitary appearance of one or the other was quite an event. One, Edmond, was dark; the other, Jules, was fair; the first taller than the other. Their faces were not more alike, but one felt that only one soul was contained in their two bodies. It was a single person in two volumes. The moral resemblance was so vivid that it effaced all physical dissemblance. How many times has it happened to me to take Jules for Edmond, and to continue with one the conversation I had commenced with the other! Nothing betrayed the change of person; the one of the two brothers who was there took up without the slightest hesitation the thread of ideas where his brother had left it. They had made a mutual sacrifice of their reciprocal individuality, and formed only one, which was called 'De Goncourt' by friends, and 'the Messrs. de Goncourt' by strangers. All their letters were signed Edmond and Jules. . . . They never betrayed the secret of this collaboration. Neither of them attempted to monopolize the common reputation, and this unique work, coined by two brains, still remains a mystery which nobody could ever unravel.' These Siamese twins of literature produced the most remarkable works; they wrote a large number of historical works on French society during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; their conscientious erudition was so great that Michelet and Sainte-Beuve quoted them as authorities. Their style was marvelously brilliant, quaint, and epigrammatic; as art-critics they had no rivals. In the last part of their literary career as collaborators, they wrote four or five novels of startling realism, and a power of description and analysis that made quite a sensation. Edmond, the surviving brother, has only written one work since Jules's death; it is an exhaustive account of the works and life of Gavarni; with touching veneration for his brother's memory, the work is signed Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, as if Jules were still alive."

The *Athenæum*, which probably furnishes brief quotations for more newspapers than any other periodical in the world, has a paragraph of objection, in a recent issue, which may be read with profit by those who use its literary news here, as well as in England. It says: "We have no objection to our 'Gossip' being quoted; but, considering that we go to vast trouble and great expense to collect it, we must decline to allow it to be quoted without acknowledgment—a practice to which a harsh phrase might be applied. On the 15th of August the *Globe* took from us nine paragraphs, and acknowledged four; on the 23d five, and acknowledged three; on the 29th eleven, and acknowledged two! We have traced the history of one of our best paragraphs, which was quoted without acknowledgment by the *Globe*, taken thereby by the *Observer*, from the *Observer* by the *Overland Mail*, and from the latter, with acknowledgment, by the *Publishers' Circular*!"

The *Athenæum* has made a notable discovery: "The paternity of the cynical 'Après moi le déluge,' sometimes ascribed to the Prince of Metternich, senior, sometimes to Louis XV., really belongs, it appears, to Madame de Pompadour. We find, indeed, in 'Le Reliquaire de M. Q. de La Tour, Peintre du Roi Louis XV., par Ch. Demaze' (just issued, Paris, E. Leroux), among numerous unpublished letters of Voltaire, Mademoiselle Fel, Marmontel, Madame de Lambelle, etc., a note of Mademoiselle Fel, in which she says that, while La Tour was painting the portrait of Madame de Pompadour, the king, having just heard the news of the defeat of Rosebach, came in very cast down. Madame de Pompadour told him he ought not to grieve so much, that it would impair his health; besides, she added, 'après nous le déluge!'"

It is announced that Professor Cairnes, who has been in very bad health for years, is much better, and may entirely recover.

Fine Arts.

A WELL-KNOWN artist in Paris sends us the following valuable and interesting letter on Paul Baudry's work for the foyer of the new Grand Opéra:

PARIS, August 27, 1874.

Yesterday a crowd at the School of Fine Arts—first exhibition to the general public of the decorative paintings executed by Paul Baudry for the foyer of the new opera. Three vast ceiling-pieces; twelve great canvases for the vaultings; filling the intervals, eight colossal Muses (Polyhymnia not being represented); lastly, ten medallions to go above the doors—complete the work. This great undertaking, we are told, represents the labor of the last seven years of the life of the talented young artist, who has at length brought them to so happy a termination.

The importance of a work destined to be constantly before a vast public as long as the great temple of the Place de l'Opéra shall exist, and the solid and wide-spread reputation of M. Baudry, naturally cause this exhibition to be regarded with the greatest interest. The pictures are, for the present, exposed upon the walls of the great rooms of the school, and can be seen with ease—the ceilings probably much more agreeably than when they shall have attained their final positions.

At first sight a feeling strikes one that they are hardly effective enough; that they are almost too delicate and beautiful, and will lack force, if not be altogether lost, at the height at which they will be placed. But a longer consideration of these graceful compositions and simple planes of color, thoroughly decorative in character, goes far to destroy the first unfavorable impression.

Besides, there is the conviction that this painter, who has given seven of his best years to his greatest work, must know his effects far better than a criticising public may hope to, and is not likely to commence by committing a capital error. However, a light and delicate decoration throughout the foyer will be absolutely necessary to give these paintings their proper force; which fact the architects probably understand quite as well as we do. On entering the lower hall, the great canvases for the vaultings first attract the eye. And here let us a little consult the catalogue, which pretends to thoroughly comprehend the general expression of the painter's thought: "Music triumphs over grief, calms fury, in the 'Saul and David'; has the better of death itself in the drama of 'Orpheus and Eurydice'; in the 'Assault,' warlike music leads men to victory; the 'Dream of St. Cecilia' represents sacred art."

The dance is represented by the Corybantes around the infant Jupiter, the Mænades dragging the body of Orpheus, and by Salome before Herodias (sombre subjects all of these, if we compare them with the 'Dance of Carpeaux,' and far more elevated and noble than the latter). "The Triumph of Beauty is symbolized by the Judgment of Paris—the superiority of art over gross realism by the slaying of Maryas." In standing before these subjects, we must, before all (as, indeed, we are warned by a placard upon the wall), recognize the exigencies of curved surfaces in relation to proportion, and even sometimes to composition.

First, upon the left, we have "Orpheus and Eurydice," a very beautiful piece of decoration, and one of the most successful of the artist's efforts. It is a corner-piece. Orpheus, having turned and disobeyed, Mercury snatches and carries off the swooning Eurydice, who hangs in his arms, limp and heavy, in every line of her body. Her figure and that of the god compose admirably—Orpheus kneeling and stretching out his arms is expressive and well arranged, but his torso seems disagreeably thin, and, for a decoration, too like the emaciated and anatomically-drawn bodies of the fifteenth century. Next in order, the unfortunate musician is torn to pieces by the frenzied followers of Dionysos, who whirl across the canvas with a perfect sweep of abandonment (see especially the little figures in the background).

Two Mænades in the middle of the picture are delightful—one who drags Orpheus by a cord attached to his arm, and another who tosses back her long blond hair. There is a strong *souvenir*, however, of the picture at the Luxembourg, representing the same subject, especially in the girl with the sickle, and the Bacchante who throws back her hair.

The "Judgment of Paris" follows. Fine, certainly, and perhaps less conventional than might have been expected from a subject which has been treated by almost every master.

Cupid, however, composes badly, and is lost against the body of the goddesses, and the "lithesome god," the messenger of Zeus, has the heavy hips of a woman.

The "Infant Jupiter surrounded by the Corybantes" is not so pleasing, perhaps, as some of the other subjects, but it is not wanting in nobility, and is more striking than the "Judgment." On the right, one of the Corybantes, with his back turned, and cymbals raised, is a superb "Academy." Now comes the corner-piece, balancing the Eurydice—"Apollo slaying Maryas." Apollo is a noble, dignified youth; Maryas, bound, and lying back upon a tree-trunk at an angle of forty-five, composes unpleasantly. After the slaying, and at the end of the hall, comes the "Parnassus," one of the great semicircular pieces, perhaps the most beautiful and successful, considered simply as decoration, of the whole series.

Apollo descends from his car in the upper centre of the picture, and receives the lyre and plectrum from the Græces—represented in the conventional manner, naked and intertwined.

Balancing them, on the other side, "Thalia and Calliope," two charming young girls swathed in voluminous draperies, cling to each other.

At the bottom of the picture, Hippocrene lies at full length upon the ground; little naked boys play about the fountain-nymph; others frolic around a swan.

The feet of these boys are disagreeable and unpleasant in effect. At the lower right-hand side of the picture sit Terpsichore, Urania,

and Polyhymnia. Euterpe rises, and, with double-flute, points toward the god. On the left, Melpomene, in red drapery, and leaning on the club of Hercules, stands with her back to the spectator. Erato sits quietly by her. Clio, the historic Muse, leads on the composers, who crowd into the lower angle at the left—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Lulli, Rameau, Meyerbeer, Gluck, and others. In the very corner at the right appear the faces of M. Charles Garaiar, the young architect of the opera, of Ambroise Baudry, brother of the artist, and the fine, melancholy head of the master himself, Paul Baudry, a little like Gérôme in effect, but not so fiery. This great decoration is very beautiful, elevated, delicate, and clearly expressed. The drapery upon Mercury, on the left of the picture, is unfortunate—a crying, metallic blue, and attracts the eye at once in a disagreeable manner, making a particularly unpleasant effect against the red drapery of Melpomene. But this is only one fault of *technique*, and easily remedied at that, among many beauties of a high order. After the "Parnassus," the "Saul"—a good effect of shadow, and light, and sombre color. In the background, outside the tent, in bright moonlight, David stands, and plays upon the harp.

Then the "Dream of Cecilia," who, lying on a couch asleep, is visited by angels who sing, and others who float about with musical instruments, like the angels of the masters of Perugia and Florence. Says the catalogue: "This subject forced itself upon the artist, who condemned, so to speak, to paint a Christian saint in a profane place, found it in good taste to close her eyes for her." Next comes the "Assault," to the sound of warlike music, more pleasing as an idea of one of the expressions of music as a power than as a composition. Then a bit of Sicilian-Greek life. Idyllic shepherds lying and sitting upon the grass—perhaps upon the soft pasture-lands that slope down to the Tyrrhenian Sea—play alternately upon the Pan-pipes. These naked youths—tasting the most primitive sweets of intellectual culture—are the *pleasantest* of the decorations. Last, Salome, long, undulating, and vague in her gauzy, caught-up draperies, twists and contorts herself in her dance before Herodias, Herod, and a female slave who, seated and playing upon a musical instrument, recalls the Venetian women. In the medallions above the doors, Baudry has placed children of heroic size, representing the instrumental music of all nations and ages. These children float, climb, and incline themselves in every direction, like the engarlanded Cupids of Correggio's famous medallions. They are beautiful boys, with large, soft eyes, some of them angelic children, some little gods, robust and vigorous, some of them real *gamins*. Persia has the cymbals and other instruments; Rome the martial tuba and Latian conchs; Greece the syrinx, lyre, double-flute, and tympanon. The Egyptian boys shake the sistrum and the tinnabulum, and play upon the psalterion. The barbarians have trumpet, drum, and triangle. Britain holds the bagpipe and Irish harp; Italy tambourine and violin; Spain castanets and mandolin. In the medallion called France, three veritable gavroches, with beautiful, fearless eyes, bestride a cannon, beat drum, and blow bugle and fife. But Germany is central jewel of them all—these are indeed divine boys, the children of intellectual music—babies and youths like Sandro Botticelli's angels—one plays upon the organ, another upon the viola. It is as lovely a piece of decoration as one may see in many a day.

The semicircular piece, balancing the Parnassus, is called the "Poets." It has an

elaborate and studied significance, and, as an exponent of the ideas of the artist, is creditable and interesting, but it is very confused. The Achilles is unnaturally long as seen upon the flat surface, but here criticism is disarmed by the fact that provision for the curves has undoubtedly been made by the painter. The Homer in the centre is stiff, and leaves one in doubt as to whether the blind poet himself or his statue is intended. This is the distribution: in the centre, the father of Greek literature, the genius of poetry soaring above his head; at his right, Pindar and an athlete, victorious in the Nemean games, "symbolize the union of heroic verse and plastic beauty." In the centre, Achilles, brandishing his spear, opens the way to European civilization—a fine idea. Polygnotus, Jason, Plato, an athlete seizing a horse, also figure in this part of the picture. At the right, Orpheus marches forward to dissipate the darkness of ignorance, and a barbarian family crouch around the Promethean fire (the latter group represent the age of stone). On the left, other symbols of the early Hellenic civilization, the yoke, the bit, and three laborers. Behind them stand Hesiod and Amphion. In spite of many beautiful detached figures, notably the barbarian mother, this last allegorical piece seems less successful than any of the others, unless it be the "Tragedy." In the upper room are exhibited two oval ceilings, the "Tragedy," just mentioned, "Comedy," and eight Muses. The former seems to have too much vacant space, and the thin draperies and want of relief give a kind of flimsiness to it. The Muse, seated upon a tripod against a stormy sky, is supported at right and left by Horror and Pity. The figure at the right loses itself in its draperies, but the Fury at the bottom rushes headlong downward with a superb force. On the other hand, the Comedy is altogether charming. A lovely, laughing, white-robed Thalia beats down with rods—a grotesque figure—and tears off him the lion-skin in which he has been enveloped. The catalogue leaves us wholly in doubt as to what this latter movement may mean. Perhaps, the power of satire in unweaving hypocrisy and pretense. But the Muses—eight colossal women. There is no harder task in art than in treating these single, purely decorative forms. Tradition is so forceful, comparison so sure, one thinks so inevitably of the Vatican, of the Sistine, and of the hardly less grand and beautiful figures of Fra Bartolomeo and Andrea—in short, of the magnificent sibyls and saints of the Roman school. In spite of tradition and difficulty, Baudry has accomplished at least the greater portion of his task—like the great artist that he is. Melpomene is grand, massive, and serious, crowned with the tragic mask, pushed back from the brow, and shading it—she is Michael Angelesque, and recalls the helmeted duke of the Medicis sacrists in Florence. Her drapery, red and green, falls in simple folds, and her clasped hands press her sword against her powerful limbs. Next her is Erato. Here is something very different. A body, vigorous and healthy, like the robust nymphs of Raphael, with a charming blond, *altogether modern* head, and an adorable expression of shy pleasure as she conceals a note in her bosom. Euterpe, too, has a grand, simple movement of body, a flow of drapery, but her face is a little uninteresting as compared with the others; according to the catalogue, she is listening to distant music—perhaps some "drowsy tinklings," which have caused the impassive expression. Thalia, with an arch look and a fine malice about the mouth, leans her head upon her hand. Urania's head,

though very pretty, seems too small. Clio and Calliope are much less striking than any of the others; though many will read with interest the line of Virgil which the artist has placed upon the papyrus of Calliope, and which the French will apply to their own late national disasters. Terpsichore, in a white robe, is another charming girl, raising the laughing face and beautiful, soft eyes, which Baudry knows so well how to paint. She is putting on her sandal, according to the catalogue, but looks much more as though she were unsandaling for the dance.

All this is not decoration as the old Venetians understood it. Here is none of the depth, and glow, and mass of light and shade, that play all over the great ceilings and walls of the Ducal Palace; but it is decoration as understood by the modern French school, as embracing a *technique* quite apart from that of historical or *genre* or other painting—a process in which light, colors, broad planes of shadow and light, and delicate but sweeping drawing, hold important places. And, in view of the extreme difficulties of the task—of the new treatment demanded of old subjects, of the exactions of position and light, and the hundred exigencies of the laws of perspective as applied to curved surfaces, we may say that M. Baudry has in decoration, as in other branches of his art, proved himself a great master. And, above all, in nobility and purity of sentiment, and in a loftiness of spirit and treatment quite new to theatrical decoration, and very different from what might have been expected from many a painter, M. Baudry has accomplished a work which does honor to art, to the French people, and to himself, and which will worthily fill its place in the most magnificent temple which man has ever raised to music.

Mr. Gordon W. Burnham's offer of a colossal Webster statue in bronze to the Park Commissioners suggests some considerations which, in a vague form, have probably presented themselves to nearly every intelligent lover of art in America. Nearly all the memorial works of art which adorn (perhaps we should say disfigure) our public places, and notably so in Washington, are unworthy of their subjects and positions. One needs to go but once through the Capitoline grounds and their neighborhood to have this fact driven deep into his consciousness. The same system of lobbying and brokerage which disgraces all the machinery of political appointment has corrupted with its poisonous taint the dispensation of art-patronage. While our Park Commissioners have hitherto escaped any such imputation, and we believe very justly so, it must be confessed that much of the statuary at the Park is not altogether worthy of the noble and beautiful surroundings. A great public park like that, of which New York is so proud, should be adorned with none but masterpieces—the simple and unadorned forms of Nature, which are always beautiful, and far preferable to the presence of even such abortions as the Washington art-ring is responsible for. It seems probable that Mr. Burnham, out of regard for his own reputation, will be very careful in selecting the sculptor to do his work, that it may be fully worthy of his own munificence, and of the grand subject, than which there is none worthier in American history to be perpetuated in enduring form in the great park of the greatest city in America. One such example of honest and genuine excellence can hardly fail to be an exemplar of great value. Mr. Burnham's gift may not only be of great artistic importance in itself, but

doubly so in its remote consequences as a precedent. A few similar benefactions, executed in a severe and conscientious spirit, will make it more difficult for greed and favoritism to debauch that source of art-patronage which is inseparable from works designed for public places. Public taste, once educated up to the true level, will react in such a way as to permit nothing but the excellence of masterpieces.

When Mr. Burnham has finished his part of the responsibility by furnishing a noble statue, it will remain to be seen how the Park Commissioners discharge theirs, which is the selection of a site for its erection. The offer of the statue has not yet been formally accepted, though it probably will be. The nominal reason for the rejection thus far has been the wise rule that a committee, embracing the presidents of the National Academy of Design, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Institute of Architects, must first approve any statue, or its perfected clay or plaster model.

There need assuredly be no question of difference between Mr. Burnham and the Park Commissioners on this score. The donor could hardly object, in reason, to a condition so accordant with a true and enlightened ambition on his own part. On the assumption that he desires to contribute a noble art-work to the public good, he should, indeed, be rather gratified with the severity of conditions which hedge the question in. It is to be hoped that any difficulties of this sort will soon be smoothed out of existence, as they are of a trivial nature, and unworthy to be harbored in connection with a motive such as seems to have inspired Mr. Burnham's offer.

Music and the Drama.

Revivals at Booth's and Daly's Theatres.

THE policy of altering old plays with a view to their improvement is always doubtful, as it is generally difficult to make such modifications without marring their symmetry, or at least rudely disturbing the associations which link our sympathies to them. At both Booth's and Daly's Theatres plays have been recently presented which have been subjected to revision, and in each case the alteration has been judiciously done, though in no material way has the essential interest of the original been enhanced, or faults been removed.

Of Otway's old play of "Venice Preserved," in which the great actresses of a past generation delighted our ancestors, it can only be said that, taken out of the setting of the past, it loses its conditions of success. It was written for an age which revelled in the deeply, darkly tragic, and sought for the dramatic ideal amid an atmosphere and surroundings of distorted pathos; which recoiled from the familiar associations of Nature and society as worthy material for the pictures of the stage, except in farce and comedy, and sought still more to banish the dramatic art from simplicity and vraisemblance, by muffling its meaning in the music of grandiose, rolling rhythm.

Within a comparatively short period, indeed, the genius of Miss O'Neill in the character of *Belvidera* was able to melt the audiences to tears by the pathos and charm of her art. But this was owing to the greatness of the actress, not to any prevailing sympathy with the school of drama of which "Venice

Preserved" is so marked a representative. With the retirement of Miss O'Neill from the stage, the play of Otway lost its hold on the public, and, though its revival in a modified form at Booth's Theatre may be regarded as an ingenious experiment of Mr. Boucicault's, an illustrated lesson, so to speak, in the history of the drama, it can have but little other significance. It is well enough occasionally to make an exhibition of the fossil drama, on the same principle as we find use in museums of paleontological specimens. But beyond this shadowy, intellectual interest, it is vain to expect any sympathy, certainly nothing like the favor with which play-goers of a hundred years since took the woes of *Belvidera*, *Montesina*, *Calista*, and *Stafira*, to their hearts.

Mr. Boucicault's revision has been exercised with the skill of one well trained in the art of the scissors and pruning-knife. Some of the speeches omitted in the old acting editions of the play have been restored, and some gross and exaggerated passages expunged. In other respects the drama is essentially the same. We shall not attempt to remind our readers now of the story of *Belvidera* and the other victims of Otway's literary fury, for this would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle." Nearly every reading person is familiar with the plot of the play, either by direct or reflected knowledge.

Mr. John McCullough had an ungrateful task in the attempt to reincarnate the rôle of *Jaffier*, but he brought to it his characteristic vigor and earnestness of style. His rugged, virile personality, which never fails to inspire his art, though at times we so sadly miss breadth, finish, and repose, came in good play in the portrayal of such a nature as that of the unfortunate Venetian. The defects of his dramatic style were no less palpable. In that warm, glowing, ardent passion that breathes such fascination into love-scenes on the stage, Mr. McCullough is notably deficient. This important lack made itself, at times, painfully evident. We cannot altogether indorse this actor's reading, either, of many of the author's lines, whether as to the meaning or the music of the verse. To declaim blank verse properly is an art now almost forgotten on the stage, and Mr. McCullough is not one of the few surviving models, if there be any at all of the latter. In spite of these faults, however, the directness, naturalness, and force, which are born of a thoroughly manly and vigorous style of art, left a very favorable impression on the audience. Of the other performers, silence is perhaps the most favorable treatment.

The presentation of "The School for Scandal" in its modern setting, at Daly's Theatre, has given theatre-goers one of the most delightful entertainments ever offered on the New-York boards. The finest of modern comedies, "The School for Scandal," will ever remain a

"... monumentum ere perennius
Regallique situ pyramidum altius"

to the author long after the orator and statesman are forgotten. While the slightly archaic flavor of the dramatic surroundings is lost in the play proper in the immortal wit, brilliancy, and truth of the motive and dialogue, the slight change in the dress of the comedy as now presented cannot but be regarded as a pleasing alteration. The amendments have been very artfully made to suit the tastes of modern audiences, while nothing of the wit and beauty of the original is lost. The great success of the revised play in London made one of the features of the dramatic season and

there is no reason why it may not be the same at Mr. Daly's Theatre.

The management have brought to bear on its stage-setting all the resources of consummate good taste and unstinted expense, and the result is an absolute delight to the eye as well as the understanding. It is rarely that the critic has such good cause to lavish enthusiastic praise in this direction.

The dramatic performance, while not altogether admirable when analyzed in its details, has that symmetry and coefficient smoothness which come of a company whose members have acted together so long that their angles and corners have been rounded into fitness and elasticity of contact. Even a poor company may thus give a pleasing performance, far more so in case of an organization of marked excellence. Mr. George Clarke's interpretation of *Charles Surface* has the merit of a thoroughly conscientious and elegant piece of acting, though it lacks the flexibility and repose of style whose commingling in the dramatic possibilities of the character makes its ideal performance one of the most difficult attainments in the art of genteel comedy. His rendering reflects a little too much of mere youthful vivacity, not enough of the sparkling esprit of the man of the world. There are a certain brightness and ease, however, in the performance, which we have sometimes missed in Mr. Clarke, that in the present case invest his acting with not a little sterling excellence. The *Joseph Surface* of Mr. James has given the public a very finished and careful piece of work which will rank as among the best of its kind.

Of Miss Fanny Davenport as *Lady Teazle* but one judgment is possible, that it is one of the finest performances she has ever given. In the lighter features of the character she is more than admirably good, and in the dramatic ones, especially the screen-scene, she has stamped herself as a very strong artist. Miss Davenport's whole rendering is fully worthy of the greatness of the play, and we are much mistaken if it does not prove a brilliant step in her career. Mr. Charles Fisher's *Sir Peter* is a delicate and subtle piece of art-work which will vie with any rendering seen in New York for many years. The other characters are finely performed, and, in the entirety, we may look for a noble performance. "The School for Scandal," at Mr. Daly's Theatre, with all its varied and harmonious excellences, should have a long run, and only the manager's prearrangements can prevent it if the public have any appreciation of art-excellence.

The change of the "Timbale d'Argent" for "La Princesse de Trébizonde," at the Lyceum, shows good sense and propriety in the opéra-bouffe management. The new opera is characterized by all the merits which we expect in musical plays of this kind, and by none of its improprieties. There is literally nothing, either direct or implicated, which can shock the most refined modesty in either the action or dialogue, and the music is bright and pretty in the extreme. In fact, the music at times approaches the dignity of comic opera, and, in its more trivial parts, there is a gay and wanton sweetness which is productive of much pleasure. It cannot be regarded as one of the best of Offenbach's works, nor does it contain as many of the melodies which catch and hold the popular ear as some of the composer's earlier productions. Still, it will always be heard with pleasure, and rank among the thoroughly enjoyable works of the opéra-bouffe repertory.

The story of the opera is slight and non-

sensical, yet quaintly interesting in its variety of amusing situations and capacity for effects in the comico-burlesque style of acting. These are well utilized by the performers, who enter into their work with a heartiness and spirit which never intermit. The entertainment, in a word, may be characterized as one full of harmless though frivolous gayety, and well calculated to amuse an evening.

In some respects, Mdlle. Aimée's performance of *Prince Raphael* is one of the most artistic which she has ever given. At times she revealed new reaches of artistic capacity, which even her admirers have never given her credit for. This refers not to her acting, for here the little French prima donna is always excellent, but to her vocal art, in which Aimée sometimes does not always please. True art is shown, not merely in making the most of positive qualities, but in hiding the presence of defects, or, at least, in compelling the audience to ignore them. This Mdlle. Aimée does to perfection in the case under discussion, and displays a versatility and command of resources which will enhance the credit she has earned of being the best opéra-bouffe singer who ever visited America.

The one exquisite sentimental song, "Fleur qui se fane," assigned to her part, has a tender beauty and sweetness worthy of Robert Franz, inspired by a lyric of Heine's. It is a rich and glowing gem, worthy of something far higher than an opéra-bouffe setting. Aimée sings this with a pathos, sympathy, and simple beauty, which indicate the capacities of a great artist. In not merely the vocalization, which is more than ordinarily difficult, but in the soulfulness, which flushes the music with a rosy warmth, the power of the true artist is shown. In the rendering of the comic arias, our prima donna is no less effective, as may be fancied. All her old *chic* and spirit enter into the work. The song, in which she has to imitate the artificial crying of a doll, is a brilliant example of her power in this respect. Mdlles. Minelly, Gandon, and Kid (the latter making her first appearance), sustained the general excellence of the performance. MM. Duplan, Bubouchet, Debur, and Gayot, were good in their respective effects, and the choruses were well sung.

If we could always have opéra-bouffes as harmless and admirably performed as "La Princesse de Trébizonde," much of the prevalent objection to this style of amusement would be removed, and it might become a permanent institution among us. It is to be hoped that the next selection will not reverse our indorsement of M. Chuzzle's propriety and good sense.

Mark Twain's dramatization of "The Gilded Age," as performed at the Park Theatre, attracted a large audience, representing in quite a remarkable degree the literary and artistic guilds of New York, more probably in a spirit of curiosity than in one of active expectation. The novel itself disappointed the public, though full of salient and forcible features. It is not much to be wondered at that so many well-known faces could be seen in a throng, keenly curious to know what one of the foremost humorists of the age could do as a dramatist.

The general feeling was not one of disappointment, for no one present anticipated a powerful drama; and yet, the play was, in some respects, a decided success. Mr. Clemens shows the hand of the amateur in the construction of his play, and there were some things entirely false to true art, even where art aims to amuse. But the dialogue is so abundantly salted with pungent and vigorous

satire, so full of effective shots at current shams in life and practice, that it would almost suffice of itself to carry the play. The principal character of the play, *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, has no necessary connection with the story. The latter would be fully as coherent without him. It would not have been difficult to have so constructed the plot as to have made this principal character the *deus ex machina*, instead of merely allowing it to disport itself on the outskirts of the story. In a purely dramatic sense, this is a fatal lack, and would infallibly damn the play were it not for the freshness and vigor of the satirical humor injected by it into the veins of the story. The drama itself hinges on the seduction of *Laura Fawkins* by *Colonel Selby*, the villain of the play; the betrayed girl's suffering, and the gradual change and hardening of her character, culminating in the seducer's assassination at the hands of the victim. The last act is a court-room scene, which is handled with a good deal of force, largely leavened with the *vis comica*.

The drama, on the whole, may be pronounced as what might be logically expected at the hands of a pungent and gifted humorist, who is entirely lacking in dramatic instinct and experience. Its power in the one respect will condone its other defects for the provincial circuit, though it could never achieve a run in New York.

Colonel Mulberry Sellers, though not essential to the dramatic link-work of the play, is yet, by a sort of paradox, the most elaborate and important character in it—in short, an old-fashioned starring part. Mr. Raymond renders the conception with great humor and breadth, and shows all the repose and balance of a finished artist. With the exception of Miss Gertrude Kellogg, who showed in some portions of the heroine's vicissitudes very good dramatic intentions, the general performance must be pronounced as "wooden."

Science and Invention.

IN the face of an active protest against the practice of vivisection, physiologists still press their investigations, and are at times rewarded by results so valuable to man as to justify the extreme measures by which they were obtained. To this order of investigations belong the researches of M. Böhn, who has been conducting a series of experiments with a view to determine how long after cessation of the phenomena of life attempts to revive may be successfully made. From a report of these experiments we learn that the animals upon which the tests were made were cats, into the blood of which certain potassium salts were injected. It was thus determined that after forty minutes' continuation of a physical condition which could in no way be distinguished from death, life may be perfectly restored. The significance of this result will be apparent when it is remembered that the time here noted—forty minutes—is much greater than that generally accepted as the limit in the human subject. The questions naturally suggested, however, will be—1. Is the condition here produced in the animal similar to that of a drowned man, or any human subject from whose body life has apparently departed? And, 2. Is there such a similarity in the physical constitution of the cat to that of man as shall justify the conclusion that any restorative process which is effectual in one case will be equally so in the other? It was, furthermore, determined by these tests that artificial breathing through an

opening in the windpipe was not sufficient for restoration of the natural process, but that the thorax must also be compressed in the region of the heart.

The *Scientific American* describes an invention designed to meet a want frequently experienced by travelers. Many of these, in the leisure moments of a long railway-journey, have doubtless employed their time counting the telegraph-poles, and from such doubtful data attempted to compute the distance passed over, and the speed of the train that carried them. The invention was recently tested on a Western railroad, and is described as consisting of a locked iron box, attached to one side of the car and containing a clock. The mechanism of the latter causes a small drum, on which is wound a sheet of paper, to travel at a constant rate. With the axle, by means of rods and gearing, a pencil touching the paper is connected. As the pencil is moved slowly across the paper by its mechanism governed by the axle, and as the paper is slowly moved forward, the pencil-point inscribes a diagonal line back and forth. The paper is ruled in very small sections, every fourth line being dotted and representing one mile; so that, supposing the car goes a mile in four minutes, the line will cross just four sections diagonally from one dotted line to the next one. If the car stops, the line crosses the paper directly, and shows the number of minutes that the train is at rest. The names of the stations are written at the proper places on the paper, and thus the exact rate of speed made at any point on the line can be subsequently noted. The apparatus thus affords an excellent check on the train officials, as, if the train be run ahead or behind time, the fact is sure to be detected.

M. Coblence has recently invented a most beautiful and useful application of galvanoplastic. A frame is laid upon a marble block, and then covered with a solution of wax, colophane, and turpentine. This mixture on the frame, after cooling, becomes hard, and presents a smooth, even surface. An engraved wooden block is then placed upon the surface of the frame, and subjected to a strong pressure. The imprint, having first received a layer of plumbago, rendering it a good conductor of electricity, is then placed vertically in a galvanoplastic bath, fixed to a rod in communication with the zinc-pole of the pile. On the other hand, a copper plate is suspended from a second rod communicating with the copper pole. The current being thus established, the copper plate is dissolved, and the molecules detached from a kind of copper metal current, which covers the imprint made by the pressure of the engraved block, and this gradually becomes hard, when it may be detached from the frame in the form of a thin plate, bearing the faithful reproduction in relief of the original engraving. To give to this plate the necessary strength to bear the wear of printing, it is lined with an alloy composed of lead and antimony, and then fixed upon a block and printed. With this process M. Coblence can produce stereotypes of text, with engravings, at the low price of one French centime per square centimetre.

In no way can the intellectual status of a nation be more justly estimated than by indicating the extent of certain industries. Hence it is that the American reader will find in the following statistical statement of the state of the paper-trade of the world, and the relative extent of the demand for it, a just cause for congratulation: Throughout the world there

are three thousand nine hundred and sixty paper manufactories, employing eighty thousand men, one hundred and eighty thousand women, besides one hundred thousand persons employed in procuring rags or growing plants. The annual production is eighteen hundred and nine million pounds of paper. One-half of the paper is used by newspaper proprietors and publishers; one-sixth for writing-papers; and the rest chiefly for packing purposes. The annual consumption of paper in the so-called civilized nations is computed as follows: United States, seventeen pounds per person; Great Britain, twelve pounds; Germany, eight pounds; France, seven pounds; Italy, three and one-half pounds; Spain, one and one-half pound; Russia, one pound.

The length of railway-lines in course of operation and construction on the 1st of July, 1874, was as follows:

IN OPERATION.

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| France..... | 11,000 miles. |
| Great Britain..... | 7,300 " |
| America..... | 74,000 " |

IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AND PROJECTED.

| | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| France..... | 5,100 miles. |
| Great Britain..... | 3,300 " |
| America..... | 12,000 " |

The length of railways throughout the world exceeds two million miles, while the capital invested in them during the last thirty years is not less than four thousand million dollars, and, on the completion of lines in course of construction, will exceed eight thousand million dollars. The locomotives employed on all existing lines represent a power of four million one hundred and fifty thousand horses, the distance run over by them in 1873 being six hundred million miles. In France alone, the number of railway-passengers in 1873 amounted to one hundred and ten millions.

The most serious accident liable to occur to the machinery of the steamship is the breaking of the main screw-shaft; hence, any simple and effective device for repairing the damage cannot but be of the greatest importance to "all on board." We learn from the *English Mechanic* that a practical test of Mr. Varley's coupling for broken shafts was recently made on the Thames, with highly-satisfactory results. The invention consists of two collars, which may be readily bolted on to each of the broken ends of the shaft, and then united by a number of cross-bolts. By this means the broken parts are united so firmly as to render that portion of the shaft even stronger than before. So simple a device seems worthy of a fair trial, and, if proved effective, the collars and bolts should form a regular part of the engineer's outfit.

The materia medica is about to be increased by the addition of two plants, the medical qualities of which have hitherto been unrecognized. The first is a plant of Brazil, known as the *laborandi*. The effect of this medication is to encourage perspiration, and it is said to be of especial value in those maladies which are treated by cutaneous exhalations, such as rheumatism, sciatica, chills, and virulent diseases like small-pox and measles. The second plant is tuberous *ailantus*, the bark of which is said to possess great virtue in the checking of stubborn diarrhoea, and especially dysentery. It remains for continual experiment to establish the important claims here advanced, and suffering humanity will await the opinions of the M. D.'s with patient interest.

The celebrated French missionary, Monsieur l'Abbé David, has just returned to his native country after a long absence, having for the last six years traveled throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire. His travels will throw additional light upon the manners, customs, produce, geographical configuration, and geological conditions, observed over a surface comprising more than twenty-five hundred thousand square miles. It is his declared intention to present his rich collections of botanical and geological specimens to the Paris Museum of Natural History.

M. Limousin, of Paris, has invented an ingenious machine for the inhalation of oxygen gas by persons suffering from asphyxia, asthma, chlorosis, consumption, dyspepsia, diabetes, and cholera. The inhalation of oxygen rapidly modifies lymphatic and scrofulous temperaments, restores to health and strength people enfeebled by age or exhausted by disease. It develops appetite, and is most beneficial for those who suffer from excess of mental labor, and from the effect of severe mental application.

The first definite action in favor of the Channel Tunnel has at last been taken, and the question of its possible construction is likely soon to be answered. The announcement is now made that those directly interested in the scheme are prepared to spend four million francs for preliminary investigations. M. Lavally, one of the engineers of the Suez Canal, has expressed the opinion that the cost of the proposed tunnel beneath the Straits of Dover will not be over thirty million dollars.

Contemporary Sayings.

THE interviewer is not so successful now as formerly. This sample from the *Herald* shows a decided falling off in those interesting productions:

Reporter. You might have noticed, Mr. Mayor, in Sunday's *Herald*, an article about Shakespeare?

Mayor. No, I didn't; I never notice anything in the papers.

Reporter. But you must admit—
Mayor. I won't admit. I never admit anything. I'm sorry I admitted you.

Reporter. This article discussed the claims made by Professor Holmes in the interest of Bacon.

Mayor. I don't know any thing about Bacon. I'm in the sugar line.

Reporter. I mean Sir Francis Bacon. There are many scholars who would have us believe that the glorious plays which we all enjoy so much, and which, sir, you, as a small boy, may have witnessed from the pit of the old Park Theatre, eating peanuts, the succulent peanut, the white—that these plays, sir, were not written by sweet Will Shakespeare, who, I will remark on *passant*, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, was accused of poaching, and married Anne Hathaway, but by Sir Francis Bacon, a learned philosopher of the time of Elizabeth, author of the "Novum Organum," and divers other able works. Now, what do you think of that?

Mayor. Young man, it is a wonder to me how you got past the door. Pribebe, art trifling with me?

Reporter. I am not, sir. I am here in the cause of literature, and simply wish you to express your opinion on this controversy.

Mayor. Well, Shakespeare has never been much in my line.

Reporter. You have read him?

Mayor. Indignantly. Of course I have.

Reporter. Do you think this Bacon's claim has any foundation?

Mayor. I haven't studied the subject; I can't say. I might remark that I don't know, and, were I pressed, I would say that I don't care. Shakespeare is good enough for me, and I don't see any use in making a row about it.

The following, from the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, suggests the possible success in large cities of hotels for women only: "A day or two ago," says that paper, "a perfectly reputable woman was refused accommodation in a prominent hotel in New-York city simply because she was

alone. She sent her card down to the clerk; but he rejected her application, refusing even to see her, so that he might estimate the possibility of her respectability. This is a case of real hardship, if not of gross injustice. Perhaps such a practice is not universal, but it is at least not uncommon; and it should cease. The insinuation that is conveyed by such a refusal is in the worst degree offensive to a decent woman, while the suffering that may be entailed by it is very great indeed. There can be no doubt that hotel-keepers have endured much annoyance, and perhaps injury, by the entertainment of women who should not have been admitted to their establishments; but it is hardly fair for this reason to put the whole sex under a ban, and to turn respectable women out-of-doors in a strange city. Some women necessarily must travel, and travel alone, and, where there is no reason for supposing that they are disreputable, they should be received."

Here is some sound advice to fledgling journalists, from the ever wise and genial "Easy-Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*: "Many a young writer for the press is weak—that is, full of superlatives and fury—because he is afraid to be strong—that is, moderate and reasonable—and one good way for him to correct his style, and thereby to command attention and influence, is to reflect as he writes that his readers are quite as thoughtful and intelligent as he is, and that the public, which most newspaper writers seem to have in mind, does not really exist as a newspaper-reading public. Those persons, for instance, who think that their opponents in politics are all knaves or fools, are not readers of newspapers; while those who are readers do not need to be told, to prevent them from transferring their allegiance, that every thing which the other party does is base and corrupt, and that all its leaders are scoundrels. And the same intelligence which enables a reader to retain his convictions, although he knows that many honest and able men differ from him, also enables him to perceive that fury is not force nor sheer blackguardism vigor."

"The modern newspaper," says a writer in *Temple Bar*, who has allowed himself to become quite scarlet with rage, "is to the full as noxious as the modern novel; but it, too, is ubiquitous and universal. How many times a year does there occur any thing which can really be called news? Fifty times? We doubt it. Yet more than six times fifty times do newspapers make their appearance in the course of the year. Every day—nay, every night and every morning—has its 'latest intelligence,' and every night and every morning a dozen subjects supposed to be of the first importance are what is called 'discussed.' One would suppose that so much discussion would settle the various questions thus treated. Not at all. They crop up again week after week, month after month, year after year, 'damnable reiterated.' The fact is, there is no desire to settle them. Newspapers are financial speculations, and are written, not with the object of settling any thing, or of doing good to any human being, save their proprietors, but in order that they may be bought. No blame to those who own, and very little to those who write them. But what fools people must be who read them!

Charles Dudley Warner, in the *Hartford Courant*, pleasantly chronicles some of the achievements of Dr. Newman, the chaplain of the United States Senate, now engaged in the inspection of consulates throughout the globe. "The doctor," says Mr. Warner, "has been in the real Garden of Eden, regardless of the flaming sword which, at the entrance, turns every way, and has hitherto kept all United States consuls from the premises. It is a pity that Dr. Schlieemann, the discoverer of the palace and table-service of Priam, was not with Dr. Newman, for the two could, no doubt, have identified the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and got a slip from it for the Washington Conservatory; and nothing is more needed in Washington than a plant that shall teach the difference between good and evil. We shall hope that the consul-inspector has it, although he makes no mention of it."

"The interviewer," says the *Saturday Review*—"is the old village gossip revived on a colossal scale. He is endeavoring to restore in a magnified

form the system of bondage from which we hoped that we had finally escaped. He is to the modern man of eminence what the girls at the fountain were to *Grechen*, in 'Faust.' He is more terrible, in so far as it is more disagreeable to know that many hundred people are gloating over the details of your private life than to know that half a dozen neighbors are talking scandal; and he is less terrible, in so far as the readers are farther off, and regard you more as an abstraction than as a concrete and recognizable human being."

The Mayor of Alleghany City was recently the recipient of the following letter:

"DEAR SIR—Mayor Fleming. I wish to Prevent an Elopement between My Wife, Mrs. Magga —, and Henry —, of troy Hill, or No. 40 — street, Allegheny.

"Sir she told me her self that she Were going away With him, and I have good Evidence to that effect. I am incarcerated in the County Jail and do Not Know how to act the elopement is to take Place No Thursday Sept 3 or thairabouts So Please Inform me Wat course to take. yours respectfalle
—AMES—

"County Jail,
Pittsburgh Pa

"P. S.—Please let me Know What to do bfor it is too late."

The pathos of this situation renders tame the most vivid language to be found in any of the recently-published documents of similar nature.

The London *Spectator* says that the race of kings continues remarkably well-to-do in a physical way, and by no means shows signs of decay or weakness. The *Tribune* sums up some of the *Spectator's* points, and adds some of its own as follows: "There is his majesty of Germany, 'a splendid figger of a man;' there are his majesty's son and nephew, equally personable. The Emperor of Austria is 'slowy and stately; the Prince of Wales rivals the professional whip in riding straight to hounds; the King of Italy and his sons are strong and brave; the eldest Romanoff is big and burly; Don Carlos is over six feet tall; and, to be brief, there are several more of those Bourbons who are no less emphatic and gallant in endurance and presence. In spite of all the conclusions of the physiologists, the caste of kings is not becoming inert and feeble—which is extremely unreasonable and unscientific of it."

The *Christian Union* takes the following sensible view of the Tyndall controversy—for a controversy many people seem determined it shall be: "We follow Professor Tyndall in his line of thought with the highest interest, an interest intensified by the indirect bearing of the discussion upon theological questions, and await the further progress of the great debate with eager attention. But we protest against the disposition to treat the controversy between those who oppose and those who agree with Professor Tyndall as a contest between religion and irreligion, between Christianity and atheism. That interpretation of the issue seems to us wholly false, and we hold the appeal to religious feeling against Tyndall's position to be equally injurious to religion and prejudicial to advance in truth."

The *Galaxy's* "nebulous" editor speaks thus gravely of a recent opera-bouffe performance in the city: "As to the opera, so called, the 'Timbale d'Argent,' and the performance thereof on this occasion, we can only say that the music was naught, the women were naught, and the libretto was naughty. *Horresco referens*. One does not expect at opera-bouffe to see and hear the vestal virgins; but the 'Timbale d'Argent' eclipses in the peculiarities of its style all its predecessors. Compared with it, even 'La Belle Héloïse' is decorum itself."

The following mysterious verse is from a hymn for children, used in a Ritualistic church in England:

"I am a little Catholic,
I love my church and school,
I love my dear old English Church,
I love her faith and rule;
I'm not a little Protestant,
As some would have me say;
I'm not a little Romanist;
So call me what you may."

When a temperance lecturer in a Western town gets sober, the fact is chronicled in the local paper as follows: "Luther Benson, who fell into the toils

of the tempter a couple of weeks ago, is again clothed and in his right mind, determined to make another fight for his own existence and against the infernal rum-power, which is hell-bent on reënslaving all who have ever been in its meshes, as well as to entangle and ruin a new crop of victims."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Dispatches from Havana state that Captain-General Concha has published a decree in the *Official Gazette*, ordering out immediately for active service five per cent. of all the volunteers enrolled in the island of Cuba, to serve until April 1, 1875.

The government of the island has asked from the banks a loan, which is to be returned shortly.

Francis D. Moulton publishes his additional statement in the *Beecher* matter.

A collision on the Great Eastern Railway, near Norwich, England. Twenty persons killed outright, and fifty wounded.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Foreign advices of this date state that President MacMahon has promised to the Spanish ambassador friendly cooperation in terminating the Carlist war.

Count Sclopis has consented to preside over the approaching meeting of the International Peace Association at Geneva.

The Washington Grand-Jury brings in indictments against prominent officials in the safe-burglary case.

Advices from Spain state that General Pavia has gained a victory over the Carlists.

The German and Austrian ministers have been received by President Serrano with great ceremony, and presented their credentials simultaneously, in accordance with the instructions of their governments.

SEPTEMBER 12.—An English dispatch states that the cotton operatives at Bolton have struck. Seventy-four mills, which employed thirteen thousand hands, are stopped. Forty-eight mills, employing seven thousand hands, continue operations. Subscriptions for the strikers have been opened by the trades-unions throughout the manufacturing districts.

A Madrid dispatch says that the government has determined to send three thousand troops from Cadix to Cuba in September, and five thousand in October.

The New-Orleans *Platypus* publishes an address, signed by fifty persons and business firms, calling a meeting at Clay statue, at eleven A. M. Monday, to consider the matter of the seizure of private fire-arms by the State authorities.

François Pierre Guillaume Galsot, the distinguished French historian and statesman, died to-day at his late residence, Valricher.

SEPTEMBER 14.—In the election in France the Republican candidate stood at the head of the poll, but he failed to secure an absolute majority. A new election has been ordered.

There are reported to be unfriendly feelings between Germany and Denmark.

A mass-meeting of citizens held in New Orleans, and Governor Kellogg requested to resign; he refused to receive any communication from the meeting; afterward a proclamation, by D. P. Penn, claiming to be Lieutenant-governor, called the people to arms; barricades were erected in the streets, and sharp fighting ensued; fifty men are reported killed.

Election of governor and Congressmen in Maine. Considerable excitement is manifested in Wyoming over the discoveries of gold in the Black Hills; measures are being taken for the organization of prospecting parties.

Governor Dix, after considering the charges against Mayor Havemeyer, publishes his decision that there are no grounds for his removal.

SEPTEMBER 15.—The officers of the State government in Louisiana surrendered to Lieutenant-Governor Penn and his militia; no further disturbances have occurred; Governor Kellogg is in the Custom-House, protected by United States troops; President Grant issues a proclamation ordering the belligerents to disperse within five days.

Hon. Benjamin Robbins Curtis, of Boston, the distinguished jurist, died at his late summer residence in Newport, R. I. He had been sick ten weeks, suffering from hemorrhage of the brain.

SEPTEMBER 16.—The Shreveport (La.) Board of Trade forward an address to other boards of trades throughout the country, claiming that the legitimate government has been restored to their State, and that order prevails everywhere.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor authorizes libel proceedings against Francis D. Moulton and *The Graphic*.

SEPTEMBER 17.—Advices from France state that M. Berger, the Bonapartist candidate for the French

Assembly, has withdrawn from the electoral contest in Maine-et-Loire.

The Penn government in Louisiana remains in full control of affairs, and changes of officers throughout the State are being quietly made with the approval of the citizens.

President Grant, at a cabinet meeting, has decided to uphold the Kellogg government, and has ordered troops and men-of-war to New Orleans.

Notices.

WHAT ARE ENGLISH CHANNEL

SHOES! Sewed shoes have the seam that unites the sole and upper sunk into a channel cut in the sole. Americans cut this channel from the edge of the sole, and the thin lip turns up in wearing. The English channel, which *never turns up*, is cut from the surface, leaving a dark line when closed. As it cannot be cut in thin, poor leather, it indicates a good article.

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